

THE American Girl

OCTOBER 1945

20 cents a copy



Radio Script Editor

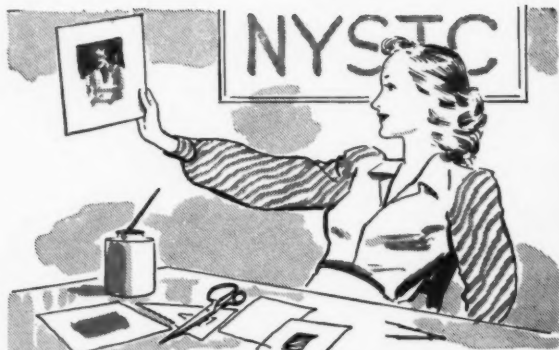
The Story of Audrey Connor

In the lively atmosphere of WGY's studios and control rooms, Audrey Connor edits a popular science program. She schedules programs, rewrites them for transcription, handles inquiries, and sometimes pinch-hits at the microphone. Her big day is Wednesday when she acts as hostess to the eminent scientists who speak on the G-E radio program, the *Science Forum*. These are the men and women who are opening new doors to research and postwar invention.

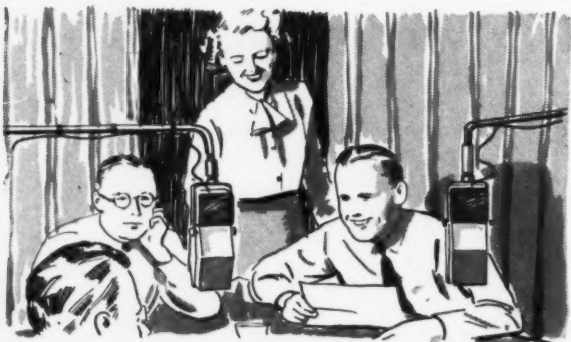
"The great thrill in my job," Audrey says, "is working with these famous people, every week relearning that in spite of the pressure of their work, they never lose their patience, naturalness, and easy humor." *General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.*



Growing up in Middletown, N. Y. was fun—for Audrey liked doing things, whether it was going on picnics, sketching, entering her drawings in school art shows, or taking up ice skating.



At Albany State Teachers College she majored in language and business, took time out to be art editor of the Commerce Department annual and to follow many college sport and social activities.



After coming to WGY as a secretary, she learned of an opening as science editor, submitted a trial script—and got the job. Her work varies from editing script to coaching guest speakers.



Audrey has three hobbies: golf, horseback riding, and twin brothers, both Marines in radar operation. She's been a leader, too, in young business women's organizations.

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THE American Girl

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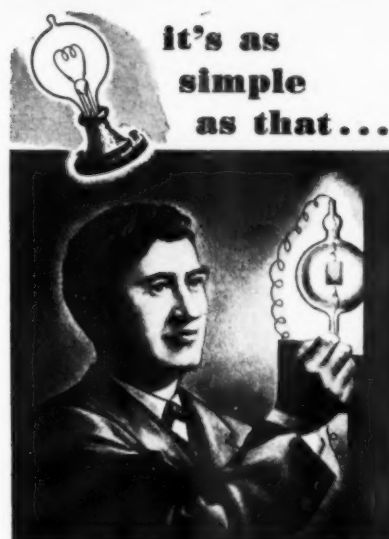
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VOLUME XXVIII

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NUMBER X



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IT'S ALWAYS A STRAIN MOVING ARMIES

FOR nearly four years we were building up our forces in Europe—to do a job. The job was done—and how!

And now, in the short space of 10 months, or less, the millions of men who did the job in Europe are coming home—and along with them, the other millions who did the Pacific job, too. The end of the war does not mean that train travel will be less.

The total train travel this year will be nearly five times what it was before the war.

All this must be done with virtually the same equipment available in 1910, for

during the war years the railroad program of buying new cars was halted by the government because of other and more pressing war needs.

This means that now everything that rolls must be pressed into service. Sleeping cars have been taken off regular trains on all runs of less than 450 miles, so that approximately two-thirds of all sleeping cars are now available for troop train service. Coaches are being taken off regular trains. What's left in regular trains must serve not only civilians but a heavy military traffic as well. So travel is difficult for all—civilians as well as soldiers.

The railroads have two great needs—more cars and more men. Government agencies, military and civilian, are co-operating to recruit the men to help in moving the record load which is just ahead.

Since V-E Day, the government has authorized the building of passenger cars but not many can be completed in time to help meet the present peak travel load.

In the meanwhile, railroad equipment and railroad men are working harder than ever before—for the railroads must do the job with what they have.



AMERICAN RAILROADS

Glory

in the

DARK

by
CHESLEY KAHMANN

"But you're never to mention my name," Ann went on as if the matter were settled. Mrs. Gilford gasped but she listened thoughtfully



Illustrated by JOHN HOLMGREN

In Glenville High, the struggle of wills between Ann Morehouse and Dorie West goes on. But this time, Ann tries out the indirect approach

PART ONE

ANN MOREHOUSE gasped. Had she heard right? Was it looming up again? The news about USO was a jolt, naturally, but what Dorie West was saying was far worse.

"Nobody's denying we've had a lot of glory out of it!" Dorie said. "But," eyes upon Ann, whose idea it had been, "we can't expect to be limelight forever!"

Oh! thought Ann. That meant just one thing: Ann Morehouse shouldn't expect limelight forever!

When she had first moved to Glenville, she had gone out for every activity possible, and had offered all kinds of new ideas to the class, to show she wanted to be a part of things. That had started the clash between her and Dorie. They were both born leaders, but at opposite poles. She was all for branching out, trying new ideas. Dorie, on the other hand, stuck

firmly to the traditional school activities.

Earlier, Dorie had said that Ann hatched up unusual ideas simply to put herself into the limelight—which, of course, was all wrong, for Ann hated limelight seekers as much as anyone.

"I don't see how Dorie figures," Ann thought. She had worked her head off, and been glad to, on this USO project. She'd thought that Dorie's opinion of her had gone up, not down. Outside Glenville was an old CCC camp which the Army suddenly had taken over and filled with soldiers. Glenville, in a wave of patriotism, had formed a town committee, and almost overnight it had taken over part of the Stevens Building for soldier entertainment. Town money had gushed into it; then somebody had thought of the USO. Approached, USO had beamed upon the project, officially leased the rooms, bought some furniture and games, established a snack bar, and

done things up right. Glenville, in appreciation, had turned itself wrong side out to co-operate.

Then Ann had had the bright idea. The juniors could help the town, instead of sticking to school activities as in the past. "Let's furnish one of the smaller rooms at USO as a main project," she had suggested. "It's patriotic and—*unique*, and certainly different from anything we've ever done before!"

UNDER her fiery enthusiasm the idea clicked, even though it was a radical departure from usual class policy, which was raising money with which to buy a present for the school. Even Dorie, seeing how the majority felt, had co-operated, been a swell sport.

In no time they had a miraculous collection of old furniture. Everyone worked, and with the advice of Miss Griswold, arts and crafts teacher, and Mr. Myers,

manual training instructor, they had made discards look like a million dollars. A vacant room at USO had suddenly become comfortable and cosy, with a sign over the door,

FURNISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF GLENVILLE HIGH.

"We're certainly on the map," the juniors had admitted.

Praise had rolled in from all directions. Even "The Herald" had run a magnificent article about the civic-minded juniors, pointing out that it was the first time in the history of Glenville High that a class had shown such public spirit. And of course there had been special mention of Ann, as the whole thing had been her idea.

For two months USO had flourished. Of course the high school hadn't been in on any of the soldier events—that had been left to adult groups. But on two occasions, as recognition, the juniors had been allowed to use the rooms for an afternoon party of their own.

But now!

As suddenly as it had developed, it was all over. The Army had picked up its soldiers, whisked them away, and the camp wasn't to be used any more. So USO had offered the equipment to the town at reduced prices, suggesting a Center for adult clubs, card parties, perhaps the Girl and Boy Scouts.

Already the town was divided into two factions—the visionary, who wanted a Community Center; and the realistic, who said that money might be forthcoming for something patriotic, but that to finance a peacetime Center was something else. Anyhow, there was no assurance that town organizations would co-operate. The thing was still up in the air.

But the town's affairs no longer concerned the juniors. Already Dorie was campaigning for a bake sale to be run by the Ways and Means Committee, of which she was chairman, to finance the traditional gift for the school.

"And Ann Morehouse," thought Ann, "can step out of the limelight."

A SPECIAL meeting made the bake sale official, and Ways and Means was duly instructed to complete plans.

"All right," thought Ann, "I can be a good sport. I can work for her idea as well as for my own." And work she would. Sometime Dorie would come to believe in her sincerity.

They began to discuss what they would buy, once they had the money in hand. Athletic equipment, of course, would be tops, but was not yet available. A statue of some sort? Wholesale boos turned that down. Somebody squelched the idea of a plaque. Band costumes were out, also, because of materials. Everything suggested seemed either unavailable or dreadfully unimpressive.

Ann rose, fired by another impromptu idea. "Why don't we just raise money and start a sort of fund for something—give the money to the school for future—"

"Sure!" jeered Crimp Jones. "An endowment!"

Mary Orton picked that up, adding, "All the class'd have to do would be to raise a thousand dollars or so!"

"Well, it's certainly *unique*," Sally Drake said, carefully underscoring her sarcastic use of Ann's favorite word.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Lucy Ellen gets married! Pat Downing tells the story of the wedding as it seemed to her—a trembling bridesmaid who almost missed the marriage altogether. Don't miss

"How Do You Reckon I Felt?"

by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright

"And it's never been *done* before in Glenville!" Gwen Adams added.

Ann bit her lip. She sat down miserably. Evidently nobody thought she could offer just a simple suggestion. They expected her to follow what she said with something dramatic, as she'd done in the past. Everybody knew, naturally, that she was all for the unique and different, but from what Crimp and Mary had said, she realized in a flash that she was on the verge of a new kind of reputation. Did they really think she would promote something fantastic, even ridiculous, just for the sake of being different?

And even Gwen adding to it!

"Gosh!" whispered Gwen, suddenly serious. "Can't you take a joke? Nobody meant anything."

"Sure," said Ann, and forced an imitation of a smile.

But inside she knew. It might be a joke at this stage, but if allowed to go on, it could be a *label*, especially when added to Dorie's theory that she thought up unusual ideas just to put herself in the limelight. Why it could *kill* a person in a town as small as Glenville! And this was her town—she had to be a part of it.

"And I'm going to!" she vowed.

Dorie was on her feet, suggesting that the class consider books for the library, or orchestra music—something substantial like that. Surely if they put their heads together they could think of a good, rip-

roaring gift for the school, even if it was still hard to buy certain things.

They left it that way. They'd think up something.

"That's that," thought Ann. It was plain that Dorie wasn't going to give her any more chances at the limelight.

So there was just one solution: *no more bright ideas*. Never would she submit another idea, no matter how good. She'd tag along. She'd work when needed, but never would she force another idea upon the class.

"I vow it!" she thought.

The meeting over, Dorie and the rest of Ways and Means dashed off. It was rumored that Dorie had a place in mind for the bake sale.

"Let's have a soda or something," Gwen said to Ann.

"All right," agreed Ann, hoping she was acting naturally again. She'd never let even Gwen know how she felt.

THEY were soon at Klim's, a combination drugstore and soda shop which, as usual, was overflowing with the high-school crowd. In the back several couples were dancing to a bangy juke box, and all the booths were full. At the fountain Slim Wilson was energetically shaking up a malted milk. Russ, the other attendant, was washing glasses without looking at them, his main interest being to get a date with Jenny Moore, who lopped all over the counter, taking up three places.

"Shovel!" said Gwen.

Jenny lopped in the other direction, and Ann and Gwen sat down.

Just then Mrs. Gifford, president of the Woman's Club, entered. A few boys and girls spoke to her, politely, but coolly. She had to maneuver rather deftly to get by four girls who were jitterbugging. At the drug counter she turned to look back. A sweeping glance seemed to take in the whole store: Jenny, still leaning; the fountain attendants, bantering back and forth instead of serving customers; the crowded booths; a few long legs out in the aisles; the dancers absorbing all available space; and Elm Tompkins, carrying on a loud conversation on Klim's private telephone behind the hot-water bottle counter.

Jenny nudged Ann, whispering, "Out on a spying expedition, no doubt!"

"She's a pain!" said Sally.

Last week a paragraph had appeared in "The Herald's" gossip column, *Along Main Street*. Entitled TEEN-AGE HANG-OUTS, it had read:

"It is increasingly difficult for anyone over eighteen to be waited on at any one of three soda fountains. What we need in Glenville is an Annex for Adults."

At first people had taken it for humor. Then the real reason had come out, and

had irked the teen-age crowd no end. Its purpose had been to call attention to a condition which Mrs. Gilford, having turned *anti* again, was campaigning to correct.

Mrs. Gilford was a born crusader, and one hundred per cent for what she considered the good of Glenville. Once she had been *anti* unsightly billboards, and won out. She had been *anti* Grange Hall, which she had said was unsafe, and in spite of objections, she had put over a fine repair job. And now she had turned *anti* teen-age hangouts, and was going to campaign through P.T.A., and the Woman's Club, where she had tremendous power with the members.

To offset it, a good many teen-agers had started subtle work on their parents, casually mentioning how Klim's, for instance, was a real service. You could leave a message there for somebody and Klim would gladly pass it on; or you could safely leave packages, or your books, or any belongings you might want to be rid of temporarily. (They were treading lightly on the fact that you could borrow money from Klim if it wasn't too much, because that wouldn't go over very well with parents.) But you could wait there for somebody, in a booth, and feel welcome, whether you bought anything or not. And if any parent wanted to know where his child was,

he could call Klim's and probably there would be somebody there who would know the answer.

Nevertheless, everybody had to admit that the situation was bad. Mrs. Gilford had never lost a campaign yet.

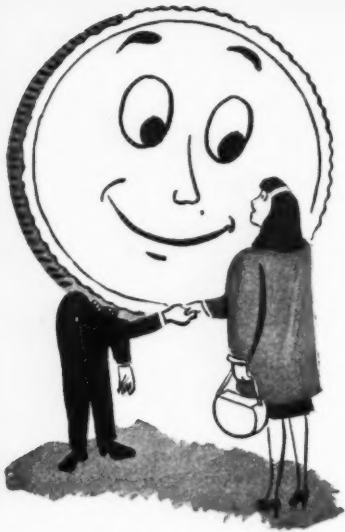
MRS. GILFORD finally went out. Then the telephone rang. A moment later Klim called out, "S.O.S. Dorie West wants all juniors at USO at once!"

Soon Ann and other juniors from Klim's and elsewhere were at USO, in a room of red leather chairs and small tables, with a long snack bar at one end.

"This is it," Dorie explained. "The bake sale's here, (Continued on page 37)"

When Mrs. Gilford came in, Jenny nudged Ann and whispered, "Out on a spying expedition, no doubt."





KNOW YOUR MONEY

by
PRISCILLA JAQUITH

NOT so long ago, in a Midwestern town, a high-school girl named Mary was helping out in her father's grocery store when a stranger came in, bought a loaf of bread, and handed her a five dollar bill. Mary took it, rang up the cash register, and then shut the drawer.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I've run out of change. Do you mind waiting a minute?"

Then she ran around to the back of the store and called her father. "Look at this bill, Dad. It's a counterfeit. You'd better call the cops."

Her father hesitated. "How do you know, Mary? For sure?"

Students learn the fine differences between a counterfeit bill and a good one as they are given a chance to compare them

International News



"I know," said Mary. "Did you ever see Washington's face on a five?"

Her father phoned the police—and one more counterfeiter headed for jail.

Mary's adventure is not unique. Perhaps you yourself can match it. It wouldn't be surprising. For in the past eight years, thanks in part to the detective work of American girls and boys, counterfeiting has been cut ninety-seven per cent. What does that mean in money? Well, in 1936, Americans were robbed of \$1,200,000 by bad bills. Last year we lost only \$28,000, the smallest sum in the history of the United States.

This success story started when the Secret Service decided to let you in on its secrets. Its secrets about counterfeit money, that is. Brilliant, hard-hitting Frank J. Wilson is the man responsible for this history-making innovation.

When he became Chief of the Secret Service in 1937, he found counterfeiting booming. He determined to stop it. How? At first he tried teaching storekeepers how to tell good money from bad. Through his agents, he invited some 2,000 of them to evening classes. Only 60 showed up.

WILSON revamped his ideas and kept on shifting them until he reached today's widespread, close-knit "Know Your Money" campaign, an important part of which is classroom teaching of high-school girls and boys regarding the difference between good and bad money.

Look at this plan closely, and you'll see that you get even more attention than bank tellers, storekeepers, and theater cashiers. That's because the agents know that girls and boys of today will be handling tomorrow's money. And because they want to stop you from becoming the pawns of unscrupulous counterfeiters.

Here's how that happened to one girl, Joan. She was watching a hockey game at school when a motherly looking woman tapped her on the shoulder. "Dear, I wonder if you'd do me a favor? I forgot my cigarettes and I hate to leave, because my daughter's playing. Would you run over to that drugstore for me?"

Joan ran the errand and after the game, the woman called her aside. "How would you like to make some spending money?" she asked. "I'll give you a quarter for every dollar you change. Oh, you might as well. You're in this as much as I am, now. That was a bad bill I gave you and you passed it, you know. You can get sent up 15 years for that. If you don't want me to turn you in, you'd better decide to stick with me. . . ."

Frank J. Wilson, Chief of the Secret Service, who instituted the "Know Your Money" campaign to fight counterfeiting

Life photo



Take a look at a dollar bill. Is it a good one? Uncle Sam's Treasury Department, deeply concerned with the evils of the counterfeit racket, has enrolled thousands of high school boys and girls as detectives in a campaign to wipe out counterfeit money

Joan was too scared to say no. She told Secret Service agents all about it when they arrested her a few months later. But it was too late then—she was found guilty and sent to reform school.

Thanks to the splendid efforts of the Secret Service and its "Know Your Money" campaign, thousands of girls and boys are saved from such tragedy today. Through lectures and movies in their schools, they learn these dodges of the counterfeiters and how to sidestep them.

This fall, Uncle Sam's agents are stepping up their program. They have made a brand-new color movie, "Doubtful Dollars," which tells all about phony money and counterfeiters' tricks. They are shipping this film out for the first time to many of the country's 28,000 high schools and some grade schools. They are sending out again the 8-year-old movie, "Know Your Money," which, with Lowell Thomas as commentator, has already reached 7,100,000 students in 19,200 high schools. They are co-operating with banks to run essay contests with war bond prizes. They are collaborating with the Boy Scouts to include a special section on money in their official Handbook.

And that's not all. They hope—and expect—that other communities will follow the lead of New York State's cities and make "Know Your Money" lessons part of the regular school course. In 1943, New York State took this step when its Board of Regents, revising its economics and banking courses, fitted the Secret Service tips right into the curriculum.

DR. FREDERIC ERNST, superintendent of New York City schools, went even farther. He found a way to make the lessons do double duty. In art appreciation courses, you see, teachers have always had trouble explaining the difference between steel engraving and photo-engraving. Three years ago, they talked it over with Secret Service men and Bureau of Engraving officials and worked out a new teaching method. They explain steel engraving with examples of the masterly etchings that make our dollar bills. Tested in 12 schools, then in 24, this course has proved so successful that it will

be taught this year in every high school in the city. Not only do students learn about art—they learn about money, too. They'd never be fooled by the kind of counterfeit one dollar bills troubling New Yorkers now.

It's a faded, limp bill. It looks as though it had been left in someone's shirt pocket and gone through the laundry by mistake. That very limpness is what puts it over—so successfully that the Secret Service sent out a warning on it, and broadcast an announcement offering to mail its description to anyone on request. Of all who answered, 70 per cent were women.

High as that figure is, it doesn't astonish Wilson's staff. "Most of the money in America is handled by women," one agent explained. "Take the average family, for instance. Papa makes the money, but who spends it? Mama. Outside the family, the same thing is true. The majority of cashiers are girls. So are the clerks in department stores, shoe stores, drugstores, and a hundred other places."

Since the Secret Service wants to get its information to the greatest number of people who can use it most, they are eager to reach girls and women with their facts. In many cases, the pay-off is prompt.

Recently a junior miss in an Eastern



International News

Last year, the smallest sum in the history of the United States was lost in bad money. Classes like this helped make the record

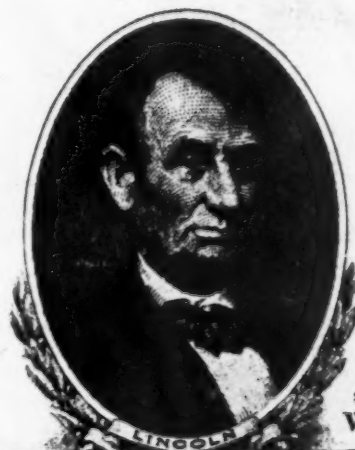
city ran up to the policeman on the corner. In her hand she carried a broken mold.

"Look!" she cried. "It's a counterfeiter's mold. I found it in that vacant lot over on Main Street. And I bet I know who put it there, too. Yesterday, on my way home, I saw a man there, and I know the house he came out of."

Through her tip, agents rounded up a gang of counterfeiters operating in a warehouse several blocks away. She would never have recognized that broken mold if she hadn't learned about it in school.

(Continued on page 27)

COUNTERFEIT



GENUINE



STUDY THE PORTRAIT CAREFULLY. NOTE THE FLAT APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTERFEIT.

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Bobo



"Ye don't say, now!" cried Officer O'Brien.
 "But for hiven's sake put that thing in yer
 pocket whenever yer chrossin' the shstreet!"

Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

THE picnic hike to day camp had been all that even Bobo Wither-
 spoon—that most earnest and exact-
 ing of small Girl Scouts—could have
 wished. The early October day had been
 keen and cloudless, the ledges and hick-
 ory woods particularly inviting for wan-
 dering and basking. Now the fire was
 burning itself to embers in the stone fire-
 place, and Red Rose Troop, comfortably
 full of doughboys and baked beans, was
 sprawled here and there, singing rounds
 with the dreamy voices of contented
 sleepwalkers. It was just like Jane Burke

to throw a realistic monkey wrench into
 such a placid and entranced scene. She
 sat up suddenly, brushing twigs from
 her neat, crisp hair.

"By the way!" she cried firmly, though
 it was not by way of anything at all ap-
 parent. "By the way, here we are about
 to break up this pleasant expedition, and
 nothing has been said or done—nothing
 at all—about the extremely important mat-
 ter in hand."

"Flowers are dying, Autumn winds are
 sighing, sighing," which had been going
 on practically *ad infinitum*, stopped by

degrees and Vera rolled over and looked
 disapprovingly at Jane.

"Are we breaking it up?" she wondered.

Miss Roberts, the highly esteemed lead-
 er of Red Rose Troop, glanced at her
 watch with an expression that said, "Not
 necessarily."

But Jane was never one to abandon a
 purpose once she had launched it, so she
 cleared her throat forcibly in order to
 silence the die-hards who were trying to
 revive the round. And Bobo, who always
 strove to embody the entire Girl Scout
 program within her one small and enthu-

toes the MARK

by EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Bobo Witherspoon—bless her—is back again in a story about Girl Scout week and a slight misunderstanding on Bobo's part. A misunderstanding, we hasten to add, that didn't do the Red Rose troop a speck of harm

siastic person, wriggled closer to hear what words of wisdom and instructive admonition her elder might have to put forth this time.

Helen yawned and poked the fire. "Wish we had some marshmallows," she mused wistfully.

"Stop dreaming of the impossible and focus upon the necessary," commanded Jane.

"Shoot," said Lillian reluctantly, pouring the remnant of her mug of water on a small, thirsty aster that looked up hopefully beside her.

"Well," proceeded Jane, "it's now barely two weeks till the end of October, and you know what *that* means."

"It means Girl Scout Week," Red put in. "And for once," she added triumphantly, "we're ready for it. Even you can't deny that, Jane."

Red Rose Troop had indeed been unusually diligent in its preparation and its long-term planning.

"I'd say everything was under control this time," Ruthie Kent said. "The big rally takes care of that."

ALL the troops were putting on a joint demonstration of community service, and Victory gardeners, junior hospital aides, baby-minders, library helpers, and paper-salvagers were vying with one another in the efficiency of their displays.

"That's all very well," Jane returned, her dictatorial voice rising more loudly into the still October afternoon as her purpose became more assured. "We go to all the trouble of putting on one of these big shows, and who comes? I ask you—who comes? Most of our mothers, and one or two of our fathers, and a couple of schoolteachers. Of what value is it to the community, I demand, if we demonstrate our ability to serve it, and then it does not avail itself of the op-

portunity to see and appreciate our efforts? How does the public at large learn to evaluate the aid we are ready and able to give? How?"

It was not for nothing that Jane was president of her school's debating society. She had risen to her feet, and was accompanying her oratory by suitable gestures, restrained but forceful. Red Rose Troop shrank under the shadow of the hickories and remained in a stunned silence.

"Hear, hear!" murmured Miss Roberts, again looking at her watch—this time as if it might help her.

"Do you mean not enough people come?" asked Bobo, gazing spellbound at Jane's condemning gesticulations.

Jane bent upon her the tolerant look one might give an interrupting puppy, and said, "Yes, my little one, that is exactly what I mean."

"How can we make them?" Bobo wondered.

"We must all toe the mark," said Jane. "All of us—constantly. We have thirteen days; we must not waste one of them. We *must* get a representative section of the community to attend that rally. So—*toe the mark, Red Roses—toe the mark!*"

THIS seemed to be the peroration of Jane's speech. Miss Roberts seized the moment to get up purposefully and begin clearing away the debris of the picnic. The troop scrambled out of its trance, and amid the clatter of mugs and cutlery and the sizzle of the quenched fire, no one heard Bobo's repeated imploring, "What does that mean—*toe the mark?*"

So there was Bobo, left, as she had often been before, with an imperious but imperfectly understood command that she found it hard to obey. Mr. Witherspoon, on being consulted, understood quite as imperfectly what in the world his daughter was talking about. He glanced up briefly from his newspaper and said, "Toe the mark? Oh, keep remembering to stand up to your duties and obligations."

Well, yes, Bobo always tried to do that, anyway. But what about the mark itself? A thoughtful line deepened between her brown eyes as she sat down on the top step of the piazza to ponder. Twelve days, now, till the rally; she must not let this one slip away without at least trying to carry out Jane's exhortation to Red (Continued on page 48)



"They won't come—not any of them," Bobo told herself. "They were just laughing at me, and it's all terrible!"



THE STARS, the girls' softball team of Spriggsville High, completely forgot the crowd filling the bleachers as they went into a huddle before the game.

Caro Kennedy, gray eyes dark with excitement, demanded, "Did Gail Clarke really come, Jo?"

"Yes," Jo said importantly. "She had dinner with Dad and me. She's wonderful. Can you imagine—she's a baseball fan! She's never played herself, but she goes to all the games and knows almost as much about the plays as Coach Thompson himself. You'd never believe she's really a newspaper editor. But she's businesslike, too. She told me she was considering our applications for the job of copy girl."

Caro sighed from her heart. She longed to work on the "Spriggsville Sun" under Gail Clarke as she had longed for nothing else in her whole fifteen years. But—so did every girl in Sophomore English.

"Just think," Jo exclaimed, carefully tipping the smart baseball cap over her golden curls, "a copy girl in an editorial office might get to meet celebrities."

"Between running errands and filling paste pots," Caro murmured, jamming her own cap over stubby brown pigtales.

But maybe Jo had a right to be confident of getting that job. After all, her father *had* been a schoolmate of the new editor.

"Don't you think," Toni Taylor asked, "that Miss Clarke might choose a girl with literary talent? I've read that in emergencies copy *boys* used to do some writing, so a copy girl might, too."

"After all, Toni," Jo said quickly, "winning a poetry contest doesn't make you exactly an author, you know."

"But it might be a help," Toni insisted.

The other girls looked enviously at Jo and Toni. The choice would rest between them, Caro thought forlornly. She picked up a ball and twirled it, listening to her friends' excited chatter.

SHE was wishing she had been able to get into her letter of application some part of what a newspaper job, however humble, would mean to her. She had earnestly tried. But it was difficult to put such feeling into words. Why, the very idea of interpreting world events to the public was breath-taking to Caro. Recording history in the present. Shaping destiny. The power of the press—magic words—

"Snap out of it, girls!" The coach's harassed voice broke into her dreams. "We have a ball game coming up. Remember? There's a big crowd out there who've bought tickets and it's up to you to give them a show." His glasses glittered at the girls in their trim new uniforms. "Those Midvale players are out to win for their school."

Double Play

by THELMA KNOLES

Four girls wanted that job as copy girl desperately—
and strangely enough, it took a game of soft-
ball to show the editor which one should have it

Illustrated by JANE HUTTENLOCH

"We'll blow those Mudvale ducks off the diamond," declared Patsy Johnson, the Stars' dependable catcher. "Just the same, I wish Jean had postponed her measles."

So do I, thought Caro grimly, as she and Toni trotted out to the side lines to warm up. With Jean out of the game, that left only Toni and Caro as pitchers. And Caro, just promoted from the sub team, felt her knees shake at the idea of pitching a real game. She knew that she was not in the class with Toni and Jean.

"Dad and Miss Clarke are coming to the game," Jo called after them. She had saved her big news till the last minute. "They may be a little late, but they'll be here."

The girls looked at one another with shining eyes. Here was a chance to impress the lady editor who was also a baseball fan.

The game got under way, with Toni on the mound, Jo perched gracefully on second base, and Caro warming the bench. Toni pitched her usual brilliant game, tossing it off so easily that she hardly disturbed her smooth black hair-do. And she bettered her already excellent batting record on her first trip to the plate.

The coach relaxed. Then, in the third inning, several things happened at once. Just as the Midvale batter popped a short fly toward Toni, Jo, hopping up and down on second, shouted, "There's Dad!" and waved wildly toward the bleachers.

Toni turned to look, fumbled the fly, and dropped it. The Midvale runner slid safely into first.

"What do you girls think you're playing?" ground out Coach Tompson in disgust. "Pat-a-cake?"

With an arrogant toss of her head, Toni wound up and shot her famous fast ball over the plate. This time the batter smacked it cleanly. The next sent a grounder sizzling down the base line.

"They're on to her," Caro moaned

to herself. "She'll have to change."

Patsy signaled to Toni. Her signals were ignored. Toni liked her fast ball. She was out to make an impression on Miss Clarke and she did not intend to give up her speedy, spectacular delivery. Miraculously she pulled herself out of the hole by fanning the next three batters. She walked off the mound to the sound of applause.

Next it was Jo's turn to shine. With two on base, she knocked out a home run. As she crossed home plate she waved triumphantly to her father and the slim, smartly dressed woman beside him.

IN the next inning the batters began hitting Toni's fast ball in earnest. Desperately Patsy signaled for a slow ball, a curve—anything. Toni stubbornly ignored her. The coach scowled and muttered savagely under his breath. But he dared not take Toni out, for there was only Caro left to pitch. And Caro was no star.

Finally the second half of the seventh inning arrived, with Midvale two runs ahead of the Stars. Jo stepped up to the plate, swinging her bat to the encouraging cheers of the crowded bleachers.

"Tie the score!" they yelled.

At the first called strike Jo whirled about to give the umpire an icy stare. Then she turned to the plate again. *Swish!* Her bat fanned the air. She stepped back, drew a deep breath, and toed the plate.

"Strike three!" the umpire announced. "Batter out."

"Why—" sputtered Jo in a rage. "That was *way* inside!" She flung down her bat and stalked away, muttering about robbers. Caro was ashamed of her.

The Stars were retired with no further runs. They glumly took their places in the field. Toni wound up and delivered another fast one. The batter sent it up into a high (Continued on page 22)



Caro would have given all she owned to be able to play a brilliant game for the smart new editor, but like a good sport she took all the signals



THE

★ AMERICAN ★

By KAY HARDY

These are the clothes American girls love and live in—classics every one of them. It's a smart idea to consider the classics carefully when you're planning a wardrobe

AERICAN, and proud of it. That's you . . . but do you have the "American Look"? Do you know what it is? Look in the mirror and check what you see. Is your hair brushed, soft, free, clean, and shining? Does your face look alert, alive, and interested? Is it clean and natural looking, with soft make-up, if any?

That's all part of the American Look—but it takes in lots more. It means you avoid fads and bizarre fashions, and choose instead those things that are simple and becoming, that play up you, so that people will say "How attractive she is!" rather than confine their admiration to your outer covering.

If that description fits you, then no doubt you have discovered the charm and the every-year-rightness of those great American fashions, the classics. The simplicity and datelessness of them is one thing that helps create the American Look for the smart girl who chooses them . . . and it makes them a long-term economy in any wardrobe. Style-right and becoming to the wearer today, their essentially good line makes them just as smart tomorrow.

And because good line can never be translated into cheap, sleazy material, they are bound to hold their shape, not pull out of shape or sag after a short wearing. True, some classics cost a bit more in the beginning, because of this good material and the fine tailoring that goes into them . . . but the very fact that they never go out of style, so that you can wear them till they're outgrown, makes them a good investment for your clothing dollar. Instead of buying three or four "cute numbers," consider carefully the possibility of one good classic at a time until you have built up an adequate wardrobe.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, on the trail of a well-rounded classic wardrobe for you, went to Lord and Taylor for the models shown here, since they were the sponsors of that happy phrase, "The American Look." Clothes similar to the classics illustrated may be had in stores all over the country . . . or if you are clever with your needle, you can find patterns that will help you make your own classics.

Left: First on your list is a good coat—perhaps like this one in a bright color with a detachable lining of curled baby lamb. Come snappy weather, tie the hood jauntily under your chin

Right: Dressy, but clean cut—a rabbit hair wool bound with contrasting edging

Photographs by Larry Gordon

AMERICAN LOOK

A top-of-the-school wardrobe starts naturally with a good coat. Some like 'em short, and choose a fingertip "boxy" in a gay color. Some like 'em long enough to be worn to football games . . . or over long-skirted date dresses. This one we have chosen is versatile enough for either . . . and as a special luxury note, it has a detachable cuddle-layer of curled white baby lamb. This is right next door to owning a fur coat, and snug and warm as can be. Other coats have plaid blanket-cloth linings that make the coat warm enough for the coldest weather.

This coat has slit pockets, more grown-up than patch pockets; also buttons cov-

ered with the same cloth as the coat, another dress-up note. The white crocheted cotton gloves match the turnback white fur cuff on the hood. This hood is a new bundle-up style with a scarf to tie snugly under the chin.

The next candidate for the classic crown is the suit. Every girl wants a suit. They are easy to wear, smart for school and everyday use. They can swap around with great ease . . . the jacket can be worn with slacks or contrasting skirts; the skirt can be worn with a variety of sweaters and blouses.

Maybe you go for the simplicity of the
(Continued on page 40)



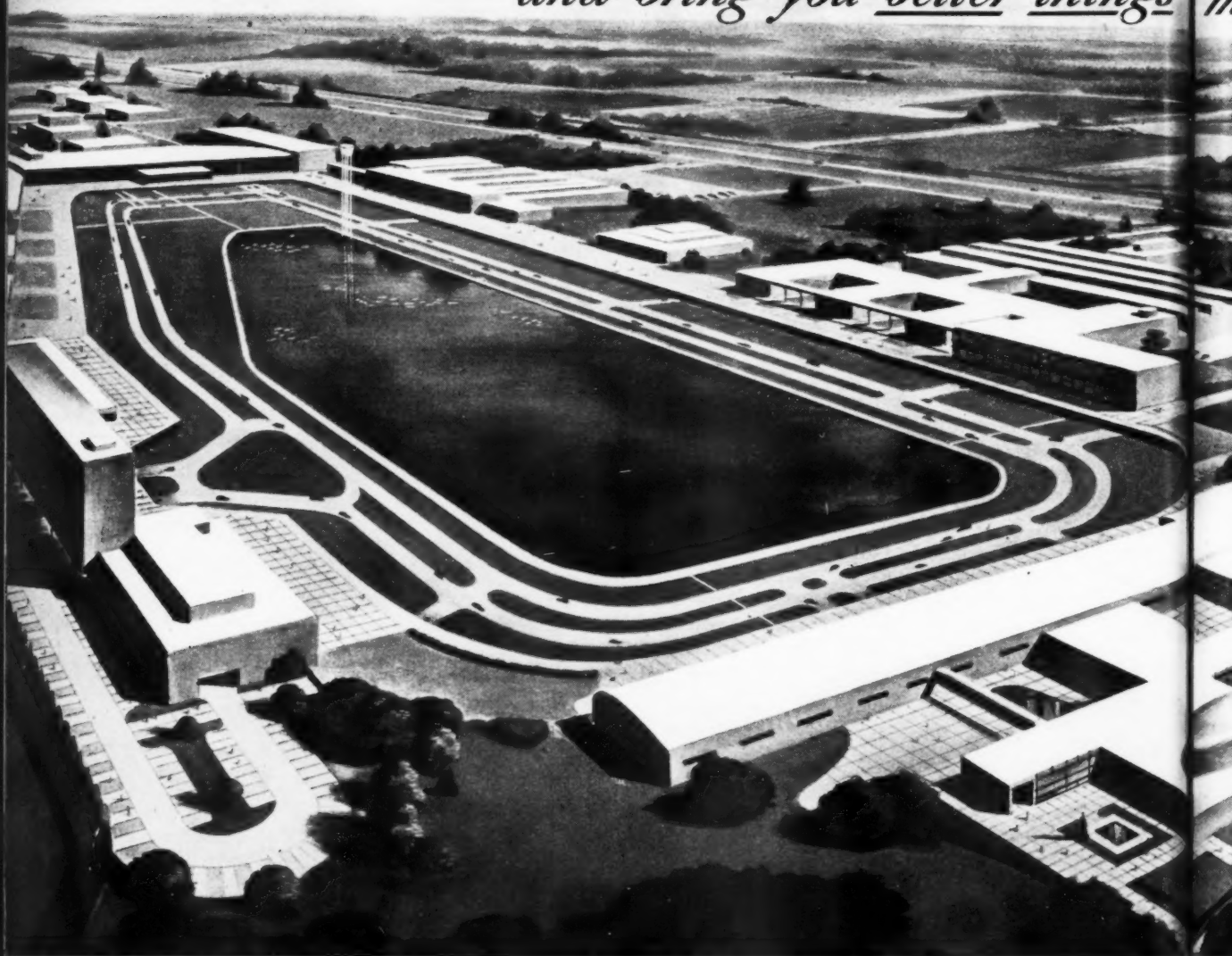
A softie of a suit with flap pockets and contrasting binding to set it off as one of the trimmest numbers of this trim year

You'd be a study in gray in this turtle neck sweater and flannel skirt with folded front pleat. Worn with a wide nailhead belt

Here's your new dropped shoulder line in a soft wool dress so uncluttered, it shows the classic smartness of sheer simplicity

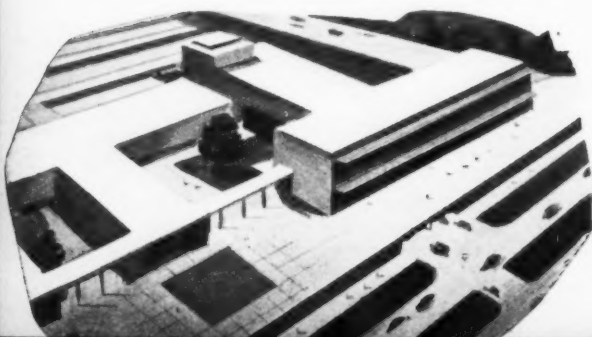
TO SPEED THE PACE OF

— and bring you better things m



THE BUILDINGS of the Technical Center will face a seven-acre lake. These buildings will be connected by a covered walk and vehicular roadway. Sketched below is the Advanced Engineering Building in which improvements will be quickly made in existing products.

LOCATED ON a major highway leading from Detroit, access to the Center will be through the Administration Building sketched here. A system of modern roadways will provide practical opportunity to study traffic control as well as to make simple road tests of new car developments.

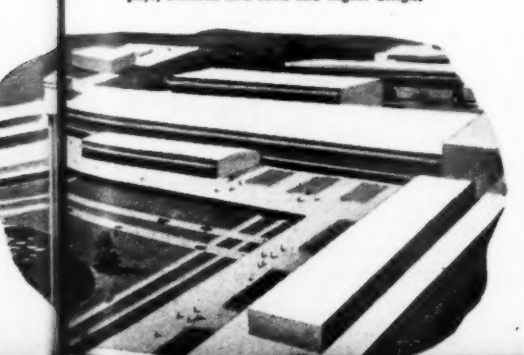


PROGRESS

more quickly



A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE will pour into the southern windows of the Research Buildings where experimental work is carried on in such diverse fields as the study of chlorophyll, research into fuels and engine design.



The New GENERAL MOTORS TECHNICAL CENTER will be created to stimulate opportunities, promote employment and bring about MORE and BETTER THINGS for MORE PEOPLE

THESE are times when the world cries out for new and finer things. There is a great hunger, broad as all mankind, for happier relationships among men—for greater individual opportunity for accomplishment, for more and better goods within reach of everyone.

It is by satisfying this hunger that we can bring greatest benefit to our national economy in the future. Through such action lies the road to more good jobs, to an ever-rising standard of living through the continual replacement of old things with new and better ones.

The General Motors Technical Center is dedicated to such an objective. It will occupy a 350-acre tract of land outside of Detroit as soon as conditions permit. Its purpose is to develop new things that add to the comfort and security of our living, and to enable existing things to be made more efficiently, hence at lower selling prices, so more people may own and enjoy them—all with expanding job opportunities.

It will shorten the time required to bring the work of creative thinkers out of the idea stage and into usable reality.

Here in groups of buildings designed especially for the purpose, General Motors will gather in advantageous and inspiring new surroundings the most modern facilities for research,

advanced engineering, styling and the development of new manufacturing techniques.

Here physicists and engineers will discover new facts and convert them into new improved products. Stylists will give them new and more attractive form. Process engineers will develop better manufacturing techniques for making them.

Science here will go to work in the interest of economic progress. And history is full of proof that when science is so harnessed, more jobs are created, more comforts and conveniences are brought within reach of more people.

Serving as a source on which the engineering staffs of all of our Divisions may draw, the General Motors Technical Center will stimulate improvement in all General Motors products. Automobiles, refrigerators, Diesel engines, locomotives and other good and useful things may be expected to be improved at even faster pace than in the past.

But the work of the Technical Center will not be confined to existing things. It is dedicated to the idea that progress is the servant of mankind and that whosoever advances it not only helps himself but his fellow men. Its goal will be "more and better things for more people," whether that comes through improvement of the old or development of the new.

GENERAL MOTORS

MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

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MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE—BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Wally Westmore shows his daughter, Ann, the fine points of putting on a natural, or light shade of lipstick for evening wear

Father knows The Answers

by ANN WESTMORE

I'VE BEEN getting some swell inside tips lately and they've proved so practical that I think you'd like to know about them, too.

I pried all these keen aids to poise and self confidence out of my father, Wally Westmore, director of make-up and hair-dressing at Paramount Studios, because he knows a lot about those things from his work with the motion picture stars—all sorts of little tricks non-professionals don't know, or if they do, they don't bother about. But any movie star will tell you that it's the pesky little day by day routines that add up to glamour.

For instance, Dad says that it's the daily attention you give your hair and skin that is an important part of acquiring poise. I've found he's right. It does give you a feeling of confidence to know your hair and skin look their best.

This is the routine I've worked out on Dad's advice. I wash my hair every ten days with a shampoo cream, and rinse a lot with warm, clear water. And I brush, and brush, and brush my hair, at least once a day. I bend my head over and brush outward from the scalp. Try it yourself. It really does give your hair a shiny look, and makes your scalp feel wonderful. Dad's pet tip on hair is not to copy other girls' or motion picture stars' hair styles. He says if you don't wear your hair the way it's most becoming to you, you're trying to live up to the hair-do of a personality that isn't your own, and people think you're putting on an act. When you think that over, doesn't it seem like sense?

NIGHT and morning, and in between, I wash my face with a mild soap and warm water, and am careful to rinse it, first with warm water, then with cold. I don't wear any make-up, except a little lipstick when I go out in the evening. My father has taught me how to use it. I use a natural shade, no



Ann blots and blots her lipstick with tissue, until no traces of lipstick can be removed, to make herself look perfectly natural

bright or dark reds, and put it on with a brush, following the natural lines of my lips. Then I blot it and blot it with tissue, until no more of the lip rouge comes off. That way it gives my mouth color, and doesn't look like I'm wearing make-up.

If you put on your make-up carefully and use very little, your mother and father probably won't object. When I'm sixteen, I may wear light nail polish, powder, and for night, cheek rouge, if I wish. From what I've learned about lipstick, I know I'll use very little make-up, because that's the way I look and feel best.

When I'm eighteen, I may start using daytime make-up, if I want to; but when I see some of the older girls in pictures, like Diana Lynn, who never wear any street make-up but lipstick, I'm not sure I shall. Diana looks so pretty, and Dad taught her how to use lipstick, too.

Dad and Mother both say you must have correct posture and know how to walk correctly, so you won't be self-conscious,

and that once you start doing it right, you'll carry yourself well and walk gracefully the rest of your life.

Posture checking is easy. Just stand against a wall. If the back of your head touches, also your shoulders straight across, your hips, and your heels, you're right.

In walking, you follow an imaginary straight line, placing the heel of the forward foot at normal stepping distance directly in line with the toe of your back foot. It's fun to practice, and after a while, it seems so easy and comfortable, you wonder why you ever walked any other way.

I am careful about my hands and fingernails, too. I agree with Dad that every teen-age girl should keep her nails nice, and learn how to use her hands gracefully. I know this is true, because whenever I've gone any place without taking care of my nails I try to hide my hands, and I forget everything I've ever learned about poise.

IT'S easy to take care of your nails daily by pushing back the cuticle with an orange stick and taking rough edges off with an emery board. I don't use polish—just paste and buffing.

Hands can look awful. I found this out by practicing hand positions in front of a mirror, as Dad suggested. It just seems, when you're in the teens, that you're all hands! By turning mine in front of the mirror, I found out that easy, relaxed positions are the best, and that flexed fingers, and the hands in profile, look best. So I hold them one within the other on my lap in that position when I am sitting. I'm glad I learned that, because I can always tell now when my friends are self-

conscious about their hands. They twist handkerchiefs, or sit on them, or bundle them up into fists.

I HAVE to watch all the time, too, that I don't stoop. I'm tall for my age—five foot five—and for a long time was very conscious of my height. Dad says that when I stoop I'm just trying to hide my height. He says I should be proud of it, that all American boys and girls of each new generation are getting taller. Mother agrees with him that tall, straight girls can wear clothes better, so I watch my posture carefully.

There seem to be an awful lot of things to watch, like table manners, for instance. Sometimes I think I'll never be able to remember all the things. Then, when we go visiting or I go to a party, I'm so glad that I've worked out these plans with Dad and put them into practice.

At table, I must remember to sit straight and keep my elbows off the table. I must not handle my knife as if it were a saw. I must not gobble—it's bad for digestion and looks bad. And I must keep my feet in a normal position on the floor, not up on chair rungs or on the low-curved table legs.

Mother and I plan my wardrobe. I have no extremes either way in clothes. They're all comfortable, and pretty, and I feel happy in them. No "Sloppy Joe" clothes for me, ever, Mother says. She says, and Dad agrees, that sloppy clothes destroy poise, and that wearing them is apt to make girls sloppy about the rest of their grooming. I have a hunch they're right.

Dad says, too, that "Sloppy Joe" clothes make you forget posture, and correct walking.

(Continued on page 44)



Ann admits that she has taken this self-conscious pose when she has neglected to see that her nails look nice. Most people know that a girl is trying to hide something when she looks awkward and uncomfortable like this



Ann is learning to sit like this. Here she has good posture, a graceful, relaxed position of the hands, and her feet are placed firmly and comfortably on the floor



Ann tackles the problem of awkward hands by studying them in a mirror, as suggested by her father. She demonstrates the broadness of one pose, and the graceful narrowness of the other one

SITTING PRETTY

by JOAN YOUNGER



Illustrated by PAT ROONEY

NOBODY needs to sell you on the advantages of baby-sitting. For a variety of reasons, it's tops in popularity on any list of spare-time occupations teen-age girls go in for. For one thing, it's a comparatively painless way of helping a neighbor out of a hole. When your charge is well-behaved, there's the opportunity for a couple of quiet hours to catch up on that Latin assignment. It's a pleasant means of boosting the exchequer, and in most places it's a market where the demand far exceeds the supply.

It may be a cinch to get, but baby-sitting is a pretty responsible job, and a good technique will earn you several credits toward a total score that adds up to "girl most likely to succeed." It would be impossible to present a set of rules that would handle every situation in baby-sitting, but there are a few guiding principles which should help you be a good "sitter."

ON THE next page we've drawn up a chart showing how you can expect babies of various ages to act. There are many suggestions on what you can do about the baby's actions, but they should not be used without the mother's approval. Every child is raised just a little bit differently from the next one. The chart shows simply what an average baby does, and how he is usually handled. We take it for granted that you'll keep the baby's bed comfortable and the baby warm, and we don't say anything about what happens before 6 P.M., because most teen-age

baby-sitters take over their jobs in the evening.

Before you study the chart—and it's as good for your baby sister as it is for your baby-of-the-evening—let's look at the other half of your evening problem: The Parents.

Goodness knows, you are not supposed to look after them as well as the baby, but your relationship with them is important, both from the baby's standpoint and your own. The mother who hires you is your boss. Learn to understand her problem and you've taken an important step in learning how to get any job and hold it.

TAKE the business of the phone number. Sometimes parents who are generally perfectly responsible people, forget, in the excitement and flurry of going out, to tell you where they can be reached.

But an emergency just might pop up with which you are not prepared to cope, so play safe and ask where you can get in touch with them. If the parents can't be reached by telephone, then get the number of some responsible relative, or the doctor's; and if there's no phone in the house to begin with, find out which neighbor you can yodel for if you need someone.

Check, too, on where the light switch is in the baby's room; on where his clean diapers are, and other supplies you may need. Find out about the family's pets, and how to manage them. Turn on the

porch light if you have to answer the doorbell, and be careful whom you let into the house.

And ask about the baby's routine. This, of course, is a most important question. The chart on the next page is for your guidance and assistance—but to use it properly you must know your charge's age and his own particular habits. Find out if he is still getting a bottle at 10 o'clock, or perhaps has just been taken off it, and may cry a little hopefully and then drop back to sleep.

Find out, too, whether the mother prefers the baby changed whenever he is wet, or whether she prefers that he be let completely alone. Ask about such things as whether he has a special blanket or toy to take to bed with him. He may let out a yowl that will spring you out of your chair, and if you don't know that it simply means his precious blanket has slipped from his grasp, you may have a tough time quieting him.

One other point that it's wise to check on is what time your employers-for-the-evening expect to get home. If it's later than you anticipated, it would be con-



AGE CHART FOR BABY-SITTERS

AGE	GOING TO BED	IN BED	IF HE WAKES	BITS OF MAGIC
4 to 10 months	Falls asleep after 6 o'clock feeding	Sleeps quietly, usually all night	Ask his mother—he may wake around 10 o'clock for a bottle or diaper	Take a quiet peek now and again, but don't fuss
10 months to 1 1/2 years	Some fall asleep at seven, some not until eight	Sleeps anywhere in the bed. Don't worry, but keep him warm	Ask his mother if you can pick him up and talk to him a little	Maybe he has a pet toy he likes to take to bed—check this with his mother
1 1/2 to 2 1/2 years	He may talk quietly to himself for some time. He may want a special toy in bed	He'll probably stall for time by coaxing for another drink or the bathroom. If his wants have already been taken care of, be firm	He may need to go to the bathroom. Talk softly to him when you tuck him back in bed	Watch out—he's trying you out
2 1/2 to 3 years	He likes to do everything the same way each night; he also likes a bedtime story	He may have forgotten something. Give him a little time	He probably wants to go to the bathroom, have a little drink, and go back to bed	Do everything the way his mother does—if you can
3 to 4 years	He likes to go to bed by himself—just ask him if he'd like to hop or skip in	He may cry for his mother. Be patient—tell him she'll be coming home soon	It may be a nightmare—or the bathroom; he'll tell you	Make it all a gentle game. Cover your eyes and let him surprise you
4 years	He likes his dolly in bed and his light on for a few minutes—ask his mother if it's okay	He likes a dark room. He may have a bad dream	He'll go to the toilet by himself—but you'll have to put him back to bed	If he wakes up, tell him about other children waking up and going back to sleep again
5 years	They do it all themselves—the darlings			

siderate to pass the word along to your own mother.

This may sound as if you have to do a lot of questioning before you can be a baby-sitter, but you'll find that if you have an idea of what you have to know, many of your questions can be answered very simply. Always arrive early the first time you stay with a baby, so the parents will have time to tell you all you need to know.

And before you arrive—before you even promise your services—check on two things: rates of pay, and working conditions. Pay for baby-sitting varies a great deal from locality to locality, and from parent to parent.

While taking care of a baby is pleasurable, it is a definite work arrangement and should be approached in a businesslike way. Find out the average rate of pay in your neighborhood by a few inquiries among friends and fellow workers. It is quite in order to suggest this amount, or to use it as a guide in accepting or refusing a baby-sitting job that is offered to you.

You must be businesslike also in your attitude toward your job. No mother will hire an irresponsible person to care for her baby. So be on time, and when once you have accepted an assignment, remember there's no backing out, no matter if the handsomest senior at school should ask

for a date, or the most enticing party of the year take place that evening.

As for working conditions, it's up to the parents who employ you to say whether or not you may have a friend visit you while you are baby-sitting, or whether you may play the radio (softly), or whether you may use the phone for your own calls. And if the parents who have asked you to care for their baby generously give you permission to have a little fun and food too, don't take advantage of them. One friend to talk with may be okay—but two are noisy. One glass of milk and a cookie may be a nice snack—but raiding tomorrow's cold cuts is not playing fair.

Baits FOR THE "Big Boys" WILL BE BACK AGAIN SOON!

When our war work is done and we start again to make baits, the "old dependables" are first on the list! We'll supply your dealer as quickly as possible, but they won't be "hurried"; they'll be South Bend quality through and through.



BASS-ORENO
World's Greatest
Fish-Getter!

It will be back soon, along with other members of the Bass-Oreno family—the Babe-Oreno, Midg-Oreno, Trout-Oreno and Fly-Oreno.



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The Bait That's Right! Small, active, life-like, casts like a bullet, and catches fish! Indestructible plastic.



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DOUBLE PLAY

(Continued from page 13)

fly between the pitcher's mound and second base.

"It's mine," called Jo, running forward.

"I have it," warned Toni, running backward.

The girls collided and went down, and the ball rolled away, to be snatched up by the shortstop and thrown to first for the put-out. Toni got up, clutching her shoulder.

The coach ground his teeth. "You play like a bunch of prima donnas," he barked. "Whatever made me think I could make a ball team out of you!"

He turned to Caro. "Get out there and pitch," he ordered. "Toni's hurt her shoulder."

Toni was led tearfully from the field. "I barely wrenched it," she protested. "I can still play."

Caro moved out to the pitcher's mound in a daze. The bleachers swam before her in a blur of color. Her knees wobbled and her fingers were so stiff and cold she could hardly grasp the ball. She rubbed her hands briskly together, braced her legs, and closed her eyes for a brief silent plea for help. Then she took a deep breath and stared anxiously at Patsy.

"We'll show them!" Patsy called encouragingly.

GOOD, wise old Patsy. You could trust her. She'd know what kind of balls to call for. And she, Caro, would do her best to deliver the goods. She had nothing special, like Toni. No beautiful, twisting fast ball. But she could watch signals carefully. And how gladly she would obey them.

She sucked in her breath, wound up, and let go. And abruptly she wasn't afraid any more. She watched Patsy like a hawk and followed her lead. Patsy was wise to all Midvale's little whims about batting. She knew what to call for and when. Midvale scored no more runs that inning.

Caro came up to bat in the eighth. There were two on base. How she'd love to knock a home run! She had a feeling she could. Maybe never again in her life, but today she could. However, she went into the batter's box with orders to bunt.

A perfect ball came over the plate. Just the kind she liked. Just the kind she knew she could poke over the fence. Her hand tightened on the bat. Out of the corner of her eye she glimpsed Jo, ready to bat after her.

With an inward sigh Caro tapped out a neat little bunt. It advanced the runner and sent Caro back to the side lines—just another sacrifice in the name of sport. Jo, next up, batted out a three-bagger that tied up the score. And then she actually managed to steal home before the inning was out, to the tune of more wild applause.

Well, thought Caro, taking her place on the mound for the ninth inning, some people are born to star and some to sacrifice. Then she gritted her teeth, took a fresh grip on her confidence, and faced a determined looking Midvale batter.

Midvale got a runner on base with only one out and it looked bad for the Stars. Toni was pleading violently with the coach

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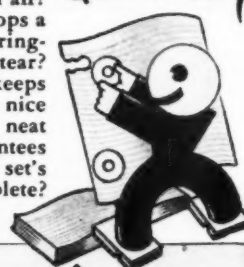
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to let her go in and finish the game, and Caro could feel the cold sweat breaking out on her back.

She tossed a slow ball and the batter smacked it right back toward her. Her first impulse was to jump high and snare it. But if she let it go, Jo stood a good chance to make a double out of the play. Caro ducked. The bleachers broke into loud cheers as Jo caught the fly and fielded it to retire the crestfallen Midvale team.

"Great game, Caro," congratulated Patsy as they trotted toward the showers.

"Nuts," remarked Caro, "I just followed your orders."

"That's plenty," the catcher replied with feeling.

Jo announced excitedly to the tired girls, "Dad says for us to hurry and change. He's taking us to dinner. Miss Clarke would like to meet the team."

"Oh," breathed Patsy. "Do you suppose she's going to tell us who'll be copy girl?"

"Probably not," Jo declared with decision. "She'll most likely do that confidentially."

Caro whisked out of her uniform, under the showers, and into her t-shirt and skirt. She anxiously patted her funny little pig-tails. Why, oh why, hadn't she rolled her hair on curlers and worn her new bandeau! She looked like a cartoon.

After introductions all around, they walked over to McNaughton's, Spriggsville's famous eating place, and presently Caro found herself a bit behind the others, with Gail Clarke beside her. It was like a dream. Caro was sure Miss Clarke was making a mistake when she smiled at her and said, "I was interested in your game this afternoon, Carolyn."

Caro never knew what she stammered in reply.

Miss Clarke went on, "And I was very interested in your letter of application for the copy girl job. You seem to have caught the real significance behind newspaper work."

"I th-think it's wonderful," stammered Caro.

HER gray eyes shone, and her face was so pale that a drift of freckles showed across her cheeks.

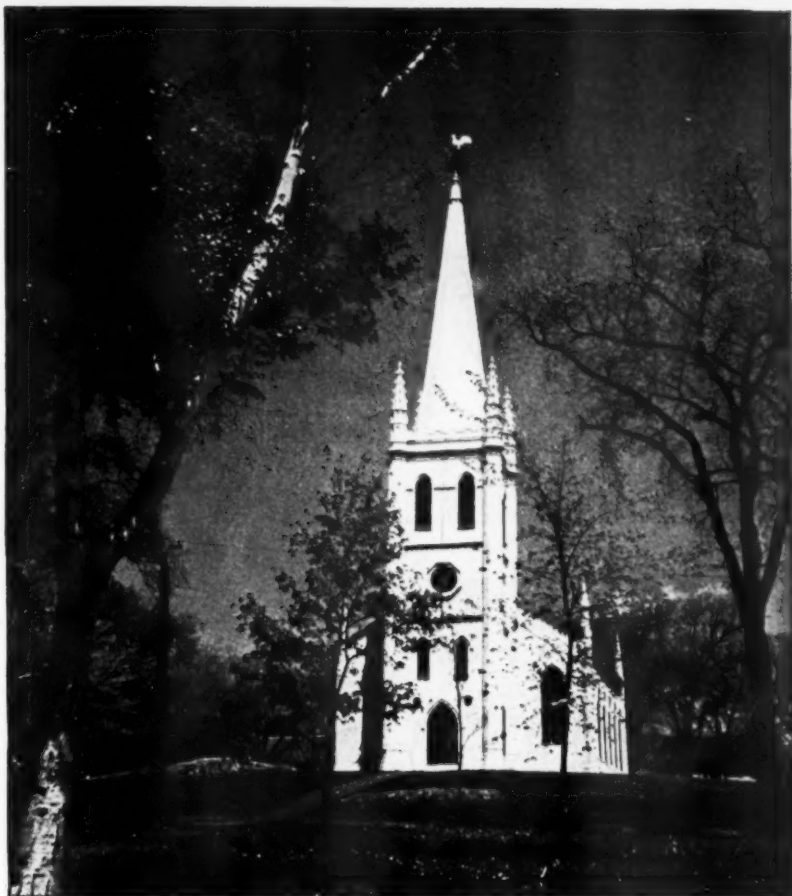
"Do you know," Miss Clarke said quietly, "I like to think of the newspaper staff as a team. A team working together for one purpose. To gather and publish the news of the world." Her low voice seemed to throb with Caro's heart. "Anyone new, coming into such work, must be the kind who will fit in, who will obey orders, and be willing to sacrifice personal glory if necessary. Many a story has been ruined, Carolyn, by some reporter selfishly trying to scoop everyone else."

Caro again murmured something.

Miss Clarke said, "Watching you play ball this afternoon I could see you had the qualities of co-operation that are needed in the newspaper business—even in a copy girl." Caro held her breath to hear every syllable. She could hardly believe the amazing words. "Would you like to see me tomorrow about that job, Carolyn?"

Would she? Ahead of her Jo and Toni swished along, talking brightly, bringing out their wittiest conversation for the benefit of the editor. Caro just smiled worshipfully at her new boss.

THE END



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AN AFTERNOON, that you'd like to keep forever...

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Try brushing your hair straight back and tying it with a bow on top of your head, or bring it back Alice in Wonderland style leaving side and back hair loose.

THESE ARE TOPS

by
HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Illustrated by **CHARLOTTE ARNELL**



A nicely shaped head and regular features can be set off with a hair-do as simple as this one. Hair must be kept sleek and shining if you want it to look well groomed.



Hollywood's pretty June Lockhart whose next picture will be with Van Johnson. Her hair-do is a favorite with teen-agers.

PEOPLE who don't look very carefully often say, "All teen-agers wear their hair alike." This isn't really true. It's a fact that most of you like a moderate length bob. It's a fact that most of you wear the ends of your hair in a smooth page boy or with softly brushed-out end curls. But it doesn't take a very sharp eye to see that there are many possible variations on this pattern.

The front hair may be parted in the middle to narrow the top of the head—or far at the side to widen it. Perhaps a diagonal part works better for the way your hair grows. You may like to brush your hair straight back without a part and tie it at the crown of your head with a bow, or bind it back Alice-in-Wonderland style.

If you have a high forehead and a less-than-perfect hairline, perhaps you have discovered what bangs can do for you. A good way to deal with heavy hair may be to braid the front sections and cross them over the top of the head.

You can ring a lot of changes on a parted hair-do by the way you brush back

and fasten your front hair. For a flat look, draw the hair straight back at the sides and anchor with combs. If you need height, brush the hair upward to give a little lift to your hair-do.

Barrettes, combs, hair bands, and bows can make many different costume changes. They look best if they are used to do something for your hair arrangement, rather than just added as after-pieces.

BACKS of heads don't necessarily have to be dressed alike. If the head is a good shape, it often looks very smart with the hair tied back at the nape of the neck and fastened with a bow or a wide barrette. For a neat off-the-neck variation on pigtails, make a full-length center part, braid the hair starting just back of the ears, bring braids up around head and pin securely.

I notice with pleasure that there are many more smooth heads this year, which, I take it, means that more girls are doing a better job with the hairbrush. There are fewer very long, bushy manes, which



Side braids brought up and pinned in a coronet style make a good frame for a pretty face. Hair is parted in the center, and the braids are started behind the ears

seems to indicate that "hair hoarding" is out of fashion. Heavy hair is much more manageable, you know, if it is thinned and shortened to keep a nice proportion between your hair and your whole figure.

I also note with satisfaction that, by and large, hair looks more burnished than it used to. This can only indicate that it is being kept cleaner. Nothing does so much to put the shine in your hair as a really good shampoo. And no matter how becomingly you do your hair, if you don't keep it clean and well-brushed, you can't hope for many compliments.

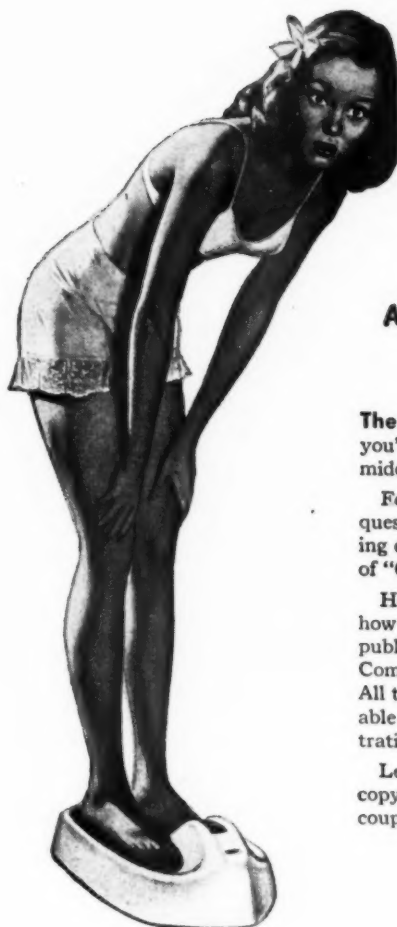
Perhaps this would be a good time to repeat the directions for efficient shampooing and brushing.

How to wash well: Wet the hair with warm water. Apply liquid shampoo or soap lather and work it in vigorously, (Continued on page 27)



The hair-do that's rolled under may be the best one for you. This one is held off the face by little side combs that may be jewelled or flower-wreathed for evening wear

TRUE OR FALSE?



YOU GAIN POUNDS AT THAT "CERTAIN TIME" OF THE MONTH

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MEN'S discarded shirts can be made into blouses, and here are five models that are recommended for variety and smartness. Just because your Dad's or brother's shirts are worn at the armholes, cuffs, or collar does not mean that there is no further use for them. Men's shirting fabric from a discarded shirt is better than most cottons you can buy today, and by salvaging the good parts, just see what you can accomplish! Makeovers are "musts" in any girl's wardrobe today and no young miss ever has enough blouses for school wear as well as "date" wear. Now is the time for the home sewer to come to the fore with needle and thread and try her skill with the aid of a commercial pattern.

Seeing is believing. Look at these illustrations and you'll know what can be done with an old shirt. A happy blending of parts and presto! a beguiling bit of feminine attire. Nothing is more wearable and useful than a blouse and transforming a man's shirt into a smart one is the most rewarding of makeover projects.

Shown here are the new drawstring blouse, buttoned down the back; the round neckline blouse, frilled front and buttoned back; and the tailored tie style, buttoned down the front. Two of these blouses, once white shirts, are simply tinted to the latest shade of the moment. This touch makes your work even more intriguing, and listen to the "oh's" and "ah's" that greet your handiwork.

The top photograph illustrates what can be done with a man's striped shirt—exciting, tiny cap sleeve and bow neckline are very fashionable.

Be both pretty and thrifty by remodeling the old for new.

Cutting diagrams and commercial pattern numbers are available on request. Be sure to enclose stamped and addressed envelope.

Cut-ups

by BETTY BROOKS



Top: A discarded man's shirt will make this smart blouse with a bow tie, an easy one for you beginners—no sleeves to set in!

Left: Particularly nice in white, and easy to make too. Put in a bid for the next white shirt Dad or brother discard

Three variations—all made from used shirts. The one at the left is striped, the other two were white dyed pale pastels

scrubbing the scalp and the hair from roots to ends. Rinse in clear, warm water. Reapply shampoo or soap lather and repeat the whole cleansing process. It's the second scrubbing that makes the difference between half-clean and wholly clean hair. When your hair is completely rinsed, wrap a bath towel around your head to soak up as much of the water as possible. Then with a fresh bath towel, rub scalp and hair hard.

Toss the hair about while it's drying, to let the air get to all of it. If the weather permits it's a good idea to do this in the open air. When the hair is almost dry, comb and brush it, and roll up the ends on rags or curlers if you like.

There is brushing *and* brushing. The right way to do it is with a strong arm and a clean, sturdy brush. Start at the scalp and brush to the ends of the hair—not only over the top but also from underneath, so that the brush reaches every hair. If you bend over and brush *down* you may find it easier.

Keep your brush very clean. Comb it out and wipe bristles on a clean towel after you brush. Before your weekly shampoo, wash your brush and dry it in the fresh air, setting it on its side carefully to keep the bristles from harm.

Yours for better shampooing, better brushing, and better hair!

THE END

Know Your Money

(Continued from page 9)

Another girl saw a man come out of a shop, drop the package he had just bought into a trash box, go into another store, come out, and toss away another package. She remembered what she'd heard of counterfeiters' habits—how, to change bad money, they often buy inexpensive things like bread or cake and then throw them away. She decided to tell a policeman. Result: one more criminal captured.

BUT most often Secret Service aides are able to hand in their tips because they know bad money when they see it. There's a girl cashier at a Broadway theater in New York who has turned in a record of 8 counterfeiters. She knows all their tricks. How they sometimes raise a bill to a high value by adding phony corners to the genuine note, leaving the original portrait unaltered. How they make a "split" note by slicing \$10 and \$1 bills and pasting the \$10 face over the back of the \$1, then passing the bill with the high side up.

She can spot in a minute a bad bill made from a counterfeit plate. She knows that the portrait looks smudgy and dull, or unnaturally white and scratchy, because the fine lines of the face are uneven and broken. That the colored seal will have uneven, broken, sawtooth points around the rim, where a genuine note has an even, sharp-toothed seal. That even the paper is different, as good notes are printed on a special paper interwoven with fine threads of red and blue silk impossible to duplicate.

Most people pay little attention to these guideposts, but look with suspicion on a crisp new bill. Which is exactly why counterfeiters go to great pains to make their

(Continued on page 45)

"DUNKED" IN THE PACIFIC

—they came
up talking



MARINES used the famous "Water Buffalos" in storming island beachheads. Plowing shoreward, these amphibious tractors sometimes went completely under the water but their speedy pumps bailed them out. This "ducking" often put the communications equipment out of action at the moment it was needed most.

So Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists worked out a

headset and lip microphone that water can't hurt, yet lets the wearer hear and talk even through the noise of battle.

Manufactured by the Western Electric Company, organization of supply for the Bell System, it weighs less than 20 ounces and can be unplugged quickly in an emergency. This is another example of the many ways Bell System research and manufacturing helped our armed forces.

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Illustrated by CLARE McCANNA

GHOSTS and goblins don't just haunt on Halloween. They also eat!

So what better excuse for having a party, inviting your special gang over for food and fun? And maybe you'll want to invite some of the new kids in school so you can get better acquainted with them and annex them to your crowd. There's nothing like an informal get-together to help newcomers feel at home.

Of course, you'll want to keep your H.R. (hostess rep) way up on the score board. So, let's plan an easy-going, do-it-yourself kind of party where everybody has so much fun they hold gabfests about it for weeks afterward.

First of all, we have to gauge the number of people we invite by the amount of space and the number of dishes available. It's a nuisance to have more "eaters" than there are plates and cups to go round. If the room is limited, better cut down on the number you invite so everyone will have elbow room.

AND the slick chick uses every trick to save herself a lot of cleaning up afterward, too! If it's a "plate party"—where the food must be served on individual plates—why not use paper plates?

A lot of smart hostesses do that these days to get away from that sky-high stack of dishes to be washed after everyone has gone home. Paper napkins, too. They're considered okay for gang feeds. Some of the dime stores have them with a variety of colors in the same package.

Everybody uses pumpkins for decorations at Halloween parties. How'd you like to be different and use a pumpkin for a serving bowl? It's a smooth idea and you can be the first in your crowd to do it. Just scoop out the pumpkin and cut a regular Jack o'Lantern face. Then line the inside with a large piece of waxed paper, fill it with salad, and serve.

For a real Spook Salad, combine equal amounts of diced carrots, apples, and shredded cabbage. Add raisins to equal half the amount of apples used. Figure on a cup of salad for each person—if they're awfully hungry! Half a cup per person will do if you're giving them plenty of other filling things to eat with it.

Hot gingerbread squares make super Halloween party eating. You can make them yourself without any fuss or bother if you use a prepared gingerbread mix. The directions are on the package, but

to give you a hint as to how simple it is, all you have to do is add water to the prepared mix, beat until smooth and bake in an eight-inch square cake pan for thirty minutes in a moderate (350 degrees) oven. The directions say to use a cup of water, but a cup of orange juice instead will give your gingerbread more of a Halloween flavor.

AFOURTEEN ounce package of prepared gingerbread mix will make sixteen two-inch squares. Allowing one or two squares to a person—you know what kind of appetites they have!—it's easy to figure out just how many packages you'll need.

A grand Witches' Brew can be made by mixing equal parts of fresh sweet cider (or canned apple juice) with canned grapefruit juice. That's the cold, simple way. If you want to do it up fancy and serve it hot and spiced, here's how: To four cups of mixed juice, add 8 whole cloves, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, and 1 stick of cinnamon broken into small pieces (or 1 teaspoonful of the regular powdered cinnamon). Put all together in a



saucepan and heat slowly to the boiling point. Strain and serve hot in mugs or cups for it's too hot for glasses.

This Witches' Brew and doughnuts are swell go-togethers if you don't want to bother with anything more than doughnuts to eat. Have you ever tried toasting the doughnuts or heating them in the oven for a few minutes? They're delish when hot.

And did you know that doughnuts can be dressed up into something pretty fancy in the way of desserts? For a Hole-In-One Sundae, place a whole doughnut in a dessert dish and cover with chocolate syrup. Put a scoop of ice cream into the hole of the doughnut and pour more chocolate syrup over it. And how about splitting a doughnut the flat way, spreading jelly or jam on it, and putting the halves back together?

If you want some spook stuff in the way of sandwiches, you might try Goblin Faces. Use a round cookie cutter and cut through slices of brown bread. In half of the bread circles, make eyes, nose, and mouth with a sharp, pointed knife. Spread the remaining slices generously with a filling of pimiento cheese spread—then press on the cutout slices, letting the filling bulge up through the holes you've cut for the features. (Just so there won't be any waste by cutting the bread like this, be a smart gal and cut the crusts into little squares, toast them in a large pan for a minute in the oven, and they're ready to serve next time the family has soup.)

A Halloween party just doesn't seem to be complete without games and fortunes. You all know most of the old stand-bys, but here are a few more you might like to try:

SPINNING THE WEB OF FATE—Draw a large spider web on a sheet of orange-colored paper. Write numbers in the different sections. Either put this flat on a table and let each guest spin a top on the web to get a number, or pin the paper on the wall and let them throw darts to get the number of their fate. As each person tells the number, you read the fortunes from a numbered list you have fixed beforehand.

APPLE TENPINS—Stick three matches into an apple so that it will stand. Set up ten of them like tenpins and give each player an apple to serve as a ball. The player who can knock down the most in three shots is the winner. This is fun when you make up competing teams.

BALANCING ACT—No more than two to four should do this at one time. The contestants are lined up at one end of the room, heads thrown far back, and three doughnuts piled high on their foreheads. At a signal, each one is supposed to walk backward to the other side of the room, trying to keep the doughnuts from toppling. If any doughnuts fall, the contestant must return to the starting point and begin again. The first one to reach the finish line without dropping any doughnuts is the winner.

For twenty-five cents you can get a pocket quiz book and put on your own little quiz show, with inexpensive prizes for the winners and silly consequences for the losers to do. Some of the department stores have party books (also a quarter) which have ten copies of five or six different games.

So—let the goblins get you this Halloween—but do it the way that's the most fun . . . by having a party.

THE END

The ever-popular loafer-type moccasin. Very super with school clothes. Official with your uniform.



Here's an
"official"
favorite

No wonder college girls and smart young mothers—as well as Girl Scouts—are wearing Official Girl Scout Shoes. They're bright and right with casual clothes of any age. This loafer-type pattern is just one of the many Official Girl Scout Shoes featured by your dealer. Take your choice, but be sure the shoes you buy carry the full name: "Official Girl Scout Shoes."

Made only by BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis, and CURTIS-STEPHENS-EMBRY COMPANY, Reading, Pennsylvania.

It's not an official shoe unless it's marked "Girl Scout"

Official Girl Scout
Shoes are priced at

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and \$6.00

All styles
slightly higher
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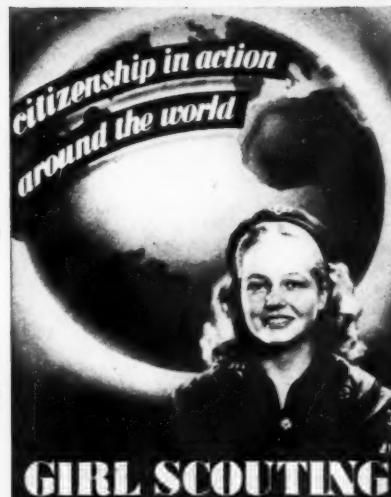


Official Girl Scout Shoes

Girl Scouts themselves put the accent on citizenship
for this Girl Scout Week, the first one
to be celebrated in peacetime for three years

by ANNE NEW

GIRL SCOUT WEEK



Paul Parker

This poster, bearing the new Girl Scout citizenship slogan, will be seen all over the country starting with Girl Scout Week

ON THE morning of November 3rd, Mrs. Harry S. Truman, wife of the President of the United States, and Honorary President of the Girl Scouts, will receive a copy of the Design for Citizenship, the Girl Scout Plan of Work for 1945-46 from a group of representative Girl Scouts. Mrs. Truman's acceptance and a later radio broadcast from Los Angeles with outstanding radio and screen stars will climax the first peacetime Girl Scout Week in three years. Simultaneously, copies of the Plan will be presented to leading citizens throughout the country.

During the Seven Service Days, from October 27 to November 3, Girl Scouts will rededicate their organization and themselves to Citizenship in Action Around the World. And they will prove that their rededication is more than a fine phrase.

Their design for citizenship includes getting acquainted with girls from other

countries. On November 5, two days after the close of Girl Scout Week, the first interhemisphere conference of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of the world to be held in six years will open at Our Chalet, the international Girl Scout meeting place at Adelboden, Switzerland. The representatives of all countries interested in developing Scouting will make plans for rebuilding the Scout movement for girls of liberated countries, and extending it to other countries. This is a meeting for Scout executives rather than girls, but it will make possible the girls' meetings that Scouts have been asking for.

Meanwhile, Girl Scouts of the United States and abroad have not waited for formal conferences to get going. One of the sights in Paris immediately after liberation was the Girl Scouts marching 20 deep down the Champs Elysées. Although it had been suppressed by the Germans the movement in France had doubled itself during the occupation.

IN GREECE, members of the Girl Scout national staff on loan to UNRRA reported that Greek Guides paraded in Athens almost immediately after liberation, wearing uniforms long hidden from Nazi conquerors. Some Guides who had outgrown old dresses in the long years of occupation were able to parade in uniforms made from material sent by American Scouts.

The Design for Citizenship calls for service to community and country.

Scouts who in wartime pledged any required number of hours of service to the President of the United States were ready for "reconversion" on V-J Day—and are still serving.

Many Girl Scout daughters are helping at home to make a joyous welcome for dad or brother. Homemaking Day, Monday of Girl Scout Week, will give them a chance to tell their story.



Guy D. Bowman

Girl Scouts examining the Constitution in the Congressional Library in Washington

Tuesday, Citizenship Day, will remind America that girls aren't afraid to tackle the business of building a peace. There are more girl-planning boards, more Senior conferences, more Girl Scouts than ever before learning to use the tools of democratic citizenship.

WEDNESDAY is Health and Safety Day. And how does health and safety come into the Girl Scout postwar plan? The need for aides in civilian hospitals is still great. Girl Scouts have given 3,500,000 hours of hospital service and they're still hard at work.

International friendship is high on the list of things to do in the Design for Citizenship, and Thursday of Girl Scout Week is International Friendship Day. Exchange correspondence with girls in other lands is booming. Girls' contributions to the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund reached an all-time high of \$58,129.83 for the year from July 1, 1944 to July 1, 1945. If better understanding and co-operation can help to build a lasting peace, the Girl Scouts aren't going to let any opportunities slip by.

Friday is Arts and Crafts Day. The Design for Citizenship calls for fun and recreation as well as service. Arts and Crafts may be useful to the therapist, but they're also part of every citizen's life. The steady rise in the number of girls who earn proficiency badges in this field shows that Girl Scouts aren't going to let all work and no play make Jill a dull girl.

Girl Scout Week opens with Girl Scout Sunday and closes with Out-of-Doors Day. Both are days for stocktaking, for getting back to essentials. The Design for Citizen-

(Continued on page 58)

This could be YOU — in a **GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM**

As up to date as the latest edition, whether you come under the Senior or Intermediate Girl Scout heading, your uniform is **smart** and everyone knows it! There's style and smoothness in every line - and on you it will rate plenty of interest. You should see yourself in it!

GIRL SCOUTS
National Equipment Service
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French Girl Scouts gathering for a singing rally in a square in Dijon

ALL OVER THE MAP



Headline News in Girl Scouting

News from our camping department tells us that at least two Girl Scout camps took it on the chin this summer from two very opposite elements—fire and water. Camp Osito in California, received a routine report of a forest fire that was many miles away from them and well under control. Fire drills were held, and preparations for evacuation were made. Gas tanks were filled, and car keys left dangling in dashboards, ready for instant flight. Then the wind changed, bringing the fire dangerously close. Within ten minutes 250 campers were on the road, and in less than an hour they were at Osito Cove on the lake three miles away. Due to good organization and Girl Scout training, not a hair of anyone's head was injured, not even a horse-hair—though the horses, which were the last creatures led out of the camp—did cause some anxiety until they appeared. A good deal of Camp Osito's fine timber was destroyed, but just when it looked as if the buildings and units were doomed, the wind veered again and the camp buildings were saved.

Camp Henry in Pennsylvania fared worse. Brownies were having a barn dance in the mess hall when a flash flood came without a word of warning. In ten minutes the water was three feet deep. Cool-headed counselors got the Brownies up on the mess tables and kept them singing, while the handy man chopped a hole in the roof as an emergency exit.

Rescuers tried to reach the singing Brownies, but a raging current prevented rescue until the water started to recede, which it did as quickly as it had risen. At its peak, the water climbed to a height that brought it just over the tops of the mess tables! Rushed to a hospital after rescue, Brownies and staff were found to be unharmed, but the camp's junior unit and much of its equipment were destroyed.

• If you have a loose button, there's always thread handy to sew it on; if your hands are dirty, there's oodles of water and soap to wash them; if your hair gets in your eyes, you have a choice of ribbons to tie it back. But if you were a girl in one of the liberated countries, you would probably have neither a needle or thread, a piece of soap, or a ribbon. If the plight of these girls makes you feel you'd like to do something about it, ask your leader about the Friendship Bags that Girl Scouts all over America are going to put together and send to girls overseas. They'll be simple little drawstring bags made out of the gayest piece of material you can find, filled with such things as needles, pins, combs, soap, ribbon, buttons, pencils, wash cloths, hard candy, and a toy for a child. They will be sent overseas to help build the morale of some girl near your own age as a token of friendship from you or your troop. Each bag may carry the names and troop

numbers of the senders. Here is a little piece of International Friendship you can pick up and touch!

• One hundred and thirty thousand dollars is a nice piece of money, and that's what Girl Scouts earned in 1944 by selling Christmas cards through The American Girl Quaint Shop Plan, to say nothing of earning 38,000 one year subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Ask your leader about getting an early start on your Christmas card selling. A box of 21 cards sells for \$1.00, and out of each dollar, 35¢ goes into your troop treasury. In addition, your troop earns a one year subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* with every 10 boxes sold.

• For their excellent work in connection with the 7th War Loan, the Girl Scouts recently received a citation from the United States Treasury Department. The presentation was made at Girl Scout National headquarters by Mr. Howard Tooley of the Treasury. Remember all the clipping of War Bond notices you did? Uncle Sam liked it and he's said so. Roll up your sleeves, Girl Scouts, the *Victory Loan* is coming up!

• Above is one of the first pictures proving that despite the war and the oppressive Nazi occupation Scouting is very much alive in France. It was sent by a soldier stationed in Dijon to his sister who

is a Girl Scout executive in Detroit. Happening on this square in Dijon one day, he literally bumped into a rally of over a thousand French Boy and Girl Scouts that had gathered there to sing songs. Further proof of the vitality of Scouting in Europe's recently liberated countries was the tremendous and rapturous welcome given Lady Baden-Powell, the World Chief Guide, on her recent tour through France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, and Italy.

• **Were you listening** to the radio program "Youth on Parade," when Mr. W. T. Piper of the Piper Aircraft Corporation made the formal presentation of the first trainer plane which is to be given by that company to the Wing Scouts? In case you missed it, Mr. Piper said: "We want you girls to have actual access to a plane . . . we want to encourage your Wing Scouts program by giving you a ship to fly in . . . to take care of . . . to study!" A pretty exciting announcement, so dust off your wings, Wing Scouts—one of these trainers may be coming your way soon.

• **The cause** of conservation has received a big boost in Ohio through a unique session held at Camp Wakotomika which was attended by thirty Senior Girl Scouts from Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia. For two weeks they studied tree planting and healing, cleared trails, tested soil, and learned conservation methods through practice. They planted an average of 150 young pine trees a day, and in addition, set out over a thousand tulip poplars on the 259-acre camp site. They built diversion dams and covered areas with mulch to prevent erosion. Guidance in this work was given by State forestry specialists who visited the camp. The project will not stop here, however, for each Scout went back home to start a conservation program in her own community.

• **After long** and futile effort, contact finally was established with the Girl Scouts



Paul Parker

Conservation conscious Girl Scouts are here shown studying reforestation and methods for the prevention of soil erosion

in the Philippines, and word came through that they lacked even the barest supplies necessary to get the Girl Scout office going again. Acting promptly, the American Girl Scouts sent off to them a huge box of office supplies including a typewriter, and a supply of program materials. Another package recently sent overseas contained forks, spoons, and knives for the Czecho-Slovakian Girl Scouts who requested them so that they might go camping again. Both were financed by the Juliette Low Fund.

Two trucks are ready to go to the Girl Scouts of France, and two more will go later—all bought with pennies contributed by Girl Scouts of America and Girl Guides of Britain. They will be used to help re-



Dorothy Dolan

Chas. P. Mills and Son

Above: Mr. W. T. Piper discussing plans with Wing Scouts and their leader for the first trainer plane presented by his company for advancement of Wing Scouting

Left: In the presence of Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse, National Director of the Girl Scouts, Mr. Tooley of the Treasury Department presents a citation to the Girl Scouts for their work on the 7th War Loan

Right: A unit at Camp Osito in California, which was almost destroyed by forest fire

lieve the serious transportation problem in France, aiding people in distress, and transporting food to areas in need. Christened "Girl Scout" and "Girl Guide," the two now ready have their names and insignia painted on their doors together with a world trefoil.

• **The young people** in St. Paul, Minnesota, have been given an unusually good opportunity to study all those fascinating details that go to make up the world of the theater. The Children's Community Theater, a project pioneered by the Council of Girl Scouts in that city, has been conducting classes in stagecraft, puppetry, dancing, and costume and scene designing, and has been staging plays so that the young members might put into practice what they have learned. Several plays have been very successfully presented, and those which will be given soon include, "The Emperor's New Clothes," "Sawdust Sue," and Thornton Wilder's "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden."

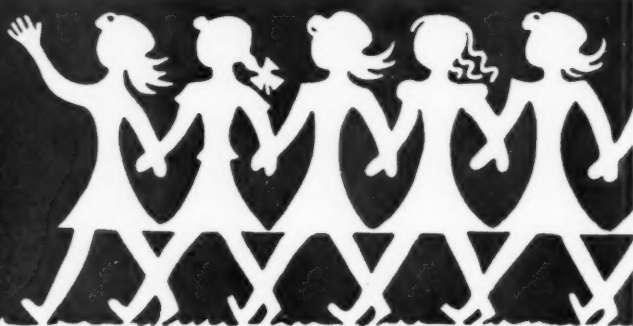
Membership in the Theater organization is open to any St. Paul boy or girl between the ages of 6 and 17, on payment of the annual membership fee of \$1.00.

• **How's this** for a grand library project? Back in 1939, Girl Scouts of Waterville, Maine, started delivering books from the Waterville Public Library to shut-ins. They were clever about it, too. They found out from the librarian what books each shut-in had already read, as a guide to choosing new ones. Each Scout delivered books to the same person once a week, rain, shine, or snow—and snow gets deep in Maine! Shut-ins appreciate this service enormously—not only enjoying the books, but also the visit of the Girl Scout. And they're still doing it.

• **Latest** registration figures tell us that there are now 1,169,484 Girl Scouts in the United States. We're now well over a million strong!



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LATROBE CARROLL

What's the Matter With Television?

A lot of people, "oversold" on television years ago, have been feeling rather baffled. They've been asking themselves why the new science has been moving with all the speed of a snail on crutches. After all, the radio went places and did things, not so very long after the first crude sets were marketed. Can't television wake up and live?

The truth is that there were, and are, many more stumbling blocks in television's way than ever tripped up the radio.

For one thing, the mechanics of transmitting and receiving really good television programs is as full of problems as a porcu-



pine is prickly with quills. That's why television receivers, though most of the "shows" they've brought in have hardly been the stuff that thrills are made of, have been costing from four to five hundred dollars.

The most important obstacle is the nature of the television waves themselves. Unlike the obliging radio waves which follow the earth's curvature, television's ultrashort waves stubbornly refuse to bend.

But two American companies—Westinghouse Electric and Glenn L. Martin—have been putting their heads together. Result: an audacious scheme to transmit television programs from airplanes. Studios on the ground would beam programs to B-29-sized planes circling like patient hawks 30,000 feet up in the sky. Fourteen planes in the air at once would be enough to catch the zooming broadcasts, send them down again, and service 78 per cent of the people in the U.S.A. Programs from each plane would have a 211-mile radius.

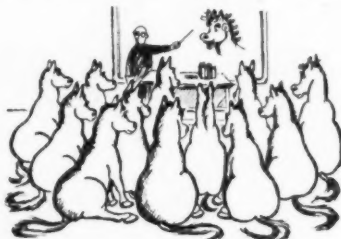
Tests may be made this fall. But even if they fail, it's likely that television will make itself at home in millions of American dwellings within the next six years. Recently, many technical puzzles have been solved.

Receiving sets will get better and cheaper.

In the coming years, with the finding of jobs a problem, television may offer many thousands of positions. Already, scores of young women have found work at television stations as actresses, directors, technical crew members, script writers. Authorities predict that women will do well in visual advertising. They know fashions, for instance, and how to present them in an eye-catching way.

Would You Believe It?

- Five thousand dollars in prize money is awaiting the farmer who, by 1948, can develop a double-breasted chicken. The offer was inspired by the fact that a broad-breasted turkey, with an extra-large proportion of white meat, was actually developed.
- Certain helicopters of the latest types can go beyond mere hovering; they can turn round and round, standing still in the air.
- Twentieth Century-Fox has established something new in educational institutions—a school for horses. Forty "pupils" are being coached for camera appearances.
- Bicycle tires have recently been made of rubber extracted from goldenrod.
- It was discovered, not long ago, that when a ruby-throated hummingbird takes off, its wings beat 70 times a second.
- Scientific probability: coming developments in radar will enable a fog-bound helicopter pilot to learn, through a vague pic-



ture of the ground on his fluorescent screen, that his home is below him. Then, by using an improved radio-telephone, he'll be able to talk to the people at home.

Have Our Forests a Future?

If American forests could speak up for themselves they would say they'd been treated shabbily for a very long time, and

their accusation would be true. But the ending of the war has brought Americans a shining opportunity to give their surviving woodlands a better chance and to add new forested regions to the national heritage.

In the past, Americans have as a rule been more interested in exploiting forests than in



"farming" them. Through most of the nineteenth century our virgin timber seemed inexhaustible. Most people said, "We've got more trees than we'll ever know what to do with." A few, though, did realize our woodlands might need protection. But not until 1898 did the Government organize a small, bewildered Division of Forestry, forerunner of the Forest Service.

Centuries before, Europe's woods had been threatened with extinction. Europeans had been forced to learn timber farming—the planting and care of trees to replace those chopped down. But, 45 years ago, if an American put in a good word for European methods he was apt to be called a "crank."

Cutting went on profitably at a faster and faster pace. Between 1909 and 1939 nearly four tenths of our country's standing saw timber vanished from the land. Since wood was a military "must," the coming of World War II greatly stepped up lumbering operations. The best grade virgin timber began to disappear five times as fast as it was growing.

Americans emerged from the war with less than 100 million acres of their virgin timber still on its feet, out of more than 460 million acres of land suitable for trees.

What steps should be taken toward a salvage and conservation program? It's a big, many-sided problem, but part of the answer lies in enlarging the nation's wooded areas. It's been announced, as a result of a

three year survey made under government auspices, that more than 43,000,000 of the 417,561,000 acres now under cultivation should be "retired" to grass or trees. This huge area, we're told, isn't suited to efficient crop production; it's too stony, too eroded, too wet or too steep.

Some other necessary steps are the checking of enormously destructive forest fires and of the tree-destroying insects which do an amazing amount of damage.

Lumber, always badly needed, has been getting more and more essential, more and more versatile. Almost every month, wood is being used in new, unexpected ways. For Americans to keep on wasting their timber resources simply doesn't make sense. No wonder conservation experts are saying there's a time for all of us to get forest-minded—and now is the time.

"The Wonder of Wonders Drug"

Penicillin, making its bow more than two years ago, caused great excitement. But, amid the jubilation, scientists warned that the drug was no cure-all. It was powerless against certain vicious diseases such as typhoid, undulant fever, and dysentery. If only, a lot of people told themselves, another germ-killer could be discovered—one effective enough to slaughter the microbes penicillin missed!

It seemed a rather forlorn hope. But now it's actually on its way to being realized, partially if not fully. The name of the new drug that succeeds where penicillin fails is streptomycin—pronounced *strep-to-my-cin*. Like penicillin, it's made from a common earth mold. Dr. Selman A. Waksman (sketched in this column) of the New Jersey Agriculture Experiment Station, was its discoverer.

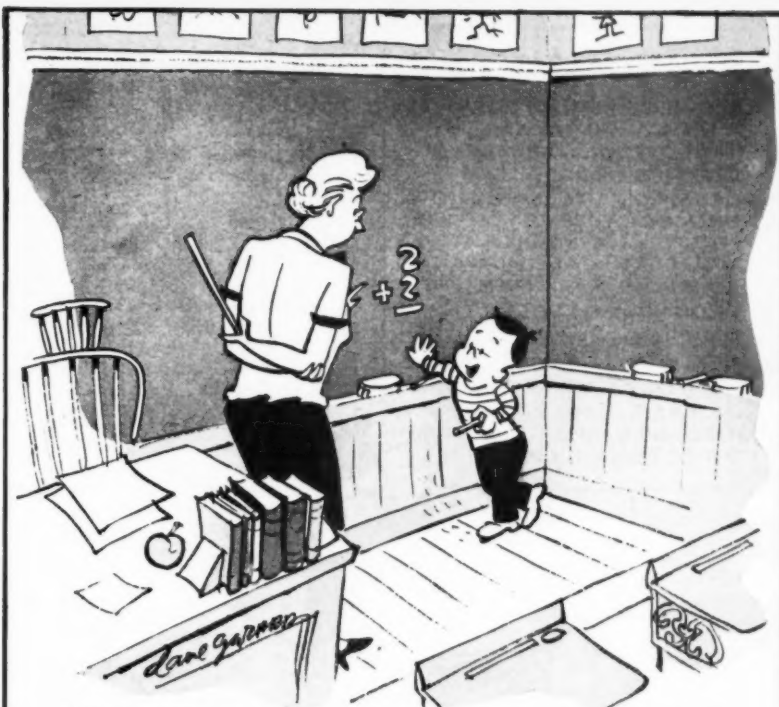
The new chemical hasn't yet been tried out long enough for scientists to learn all



the magic it can work. So far, it's proved surprisingly effective against undulant fever, dysentery, typhoid. It may turn out to be a powerful weapon against pneumonia, bubonic plague, leprosy, tuberculosis.

Streptomycin is an opaque, rust-colored liquid that is dripped in tiny amounts directly into a patient's veins. Extracting it from mold grown in laboratories is a long, exacting job. But it's full of such practical promise that no fewer than 23 commercial laboratories in the United States are busy on it. Russia and England, too, are producing it in impressive quantities.

Also, its possibilities are under intensive study at many research centers, notably at the University of Illinois, where Dr. H. W. Anderson is in charge of the experimental work. Dr. Anderson sees big things ahead. "If penicillin is a wonder drug," he says, "streptomycin may prove to be the wonder of wonders drug."



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"fresh up" keep smiling!

Sipping chilled 7-Up is always worth your while. For 7-Up is a happy, chipper drink that *always* gives spirits a "fresh up". Brisk and fresh as an October day, you'll like the clean, crisp flavor and 7-Up will like you. So "fresh up" often with 7-Up.

*You like it...it
likes you*

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"Fresh
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Network—
Every Wednesday
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BOY (A) AT CORONA, COMES TO END OF LINE. BELL RINGS, STARTING FIGHTER (B) SHADOW-BOXING WITH SHADOW (C). HAMMER (D) STRIKES CROCODILE, CAUSING IT TO SHED HOT CROCODILE TEARS ON ICE (E). MELTED ICE TURNS WATER. WHEEL (F), CAUSING FAN (G) TO BLOW STRAW (H) TO GROUND. GOOSE (I) SITS ON STRAW, LAYING GOLDEN EGG (J). TO REACH GOLDEN EGG, BOY CLIMBS LADDER OF FAME AND FORTUNE AND BECOMES BANK PRESIDENT (K).



Success Story

by RUBE GOLDBERG

Maybe Rube Goldberg is exaggerating. But, seriously, you will get a head start toward success if you learn to type.

You can't buy a new Corona yet. But borrow one from a friend. Or scout around and try to rent one. And, whatever you do, get going now. For, once you learn to type, you've a skill that starts right in making life more interesting. Typed schoolwork is a persua-

sive salesman. Personal letters are more impressive. And it's amazing how profitable typing can be. Skilled fingers can earn spare-time money now. They can help you to well-paid jobs when you're through school.



Smith-Corona

Glory in the Dark

(Continued from page 7)

next Saturday. And we may have it every afternoon from now until then—to get ready, see?”

“If that’s not smart!” Ann thought, knowing a good thing when she saw it, even if it had been Dorie’s inspiration. Everybody knew that the rent was paid until the end of the month, when the town had to decide whether to take over or give up. Dorie had taken advantage of that to wangle permission from the town committee.

“But don’t blab it all over town,” Dorie said. “It’s strictly for juniors. And anybody who comes here agrees to be drafted for whatever there is to do. All right with everybody?”

It was, as the boys, and most of the girls, made a dash for the game room.

“Look, if there’s anything I can do—” Ann said to Dorie.

“There’ll be something, don’t worry,” answered Dorie impersonally, and then she turned to her committee, mentioning decorations.

ANN and Gwen went into the game room. Checkers and chess games were in progress, and there was a table of bridge. But the main activity was around the two billiard and four ping-pong tables.

The next room was the hall where the USO had held the soldier dances. The juke box, which played without putting nickels in, was on full blast. Ann and Gwen stepped out on the floor, joining the other dancers.

“This is slick,” Gwen said. “Every afternoon this week!”

This was only Monday.

“If it could only be forever!” ran through Ann’s mind.

From the game room came the sound of tinkly ping-pong balls, boys calling out the score, and side-line cheering as enthusiastic as any basketball game.

Suddenly there was a terrific commotion at the door. Red Peal and Jenny Moore, seniors, had arrived. Tagging along were two sophomores and a mere freshman.

“Nobody admitted but juniors!” was the cry which greeted them.

“Juniors nothing,” Jenny said. “If this place’s open, it’s open, and no monopoly!” With senior push, she made for the piano.

There was simply no putting her out, so she was sworn to secrecy, as were Red and the others, and let alone.

Then the juke box was off and the piano on. Jenny hammering out *Ac-cennn-tu-ate the positive—Ee-limmmmm-in-ate the negative*, with Sally and others clapping out the rhythm and singing. Somebody started a little harmony, with even the freshman joining in.

“The whole town would be here if they knew about it,” Ann thought.

Teen-agers; a place to go afternoons; now and then a dance at night—maybe a formal! They could spread out here, all right. There wasn’t the stuffy, closed-in feeling that there was at Klim’s, for instance.

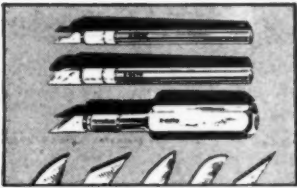
Then, suddenly, she stopped dead still. “What’s the matter with you?” demanded Gwen, bumping into her.

Ann didn’t answer. For something had

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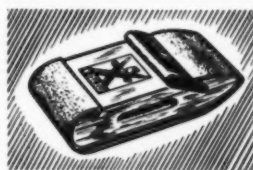
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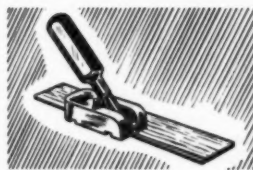
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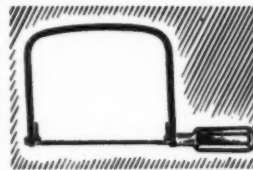
The X-acto Planer

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The X-acto Hand Drill and Pin Vise

All-metal tool takes any drill from smallest needle up to 3/32" diameter. Free wheeling knob, diamond knurling on handle assure easy manipulation with fingers. 75¢.



The X-acto Hobbycrafters' Saw

Sturdily constructed, indispensable. Easy-grip dual-aluminum handle holds blade always taut. Blades are sharp and efficient, removable, quickly changed. Complete, \$1.25.

jumped inside of her, and as clearly as any vision she had ever had, another came straight down from wherever visions come from.

“Oh!” she said, and almost blurted it out to Gwen then and there.

But she closed her mouth tightly and bit her tongue, ignoring Gwen’s amazed stare. It was the most unique, different, branching-out idea she had ever had. And yet she couldn’t let it out. She’d vowed it!

Still, wasn’t this her town, too? Wasn’t it her duty to contribute an idea like this one? But the next moment, remembering Dorie and all that had happened, and realizing that this idea would be labeled fantastic if anything ever would, she thought, “Get thee behind me Satan!”

And Satan got behind her and pushed her out of the hall, through the game room, past the snack bar, and outdoors; then up the street, and landed her, of all places, at Mrs. Gilford’s house—and practically rang the

doorbell before she could change her mind.

Then she was in the living room, facing Mrs. Gilford, who still had her hat on, having evidently just reached home. Mrs. Gilford seemed surprised, but she did promise not to reveal Ann’s confidence, and she did listen as Ann poured out her idea.

WHEN she finished, it seemed as if Mrs. Gilford were seeing things, too, from the brightness of her eyes. Then she gasped, and slowly came back to earth.

“But—but—it’s a tremendous undertaking—and—why, goodness, I’m not the one—”

“If you sponsor it,” insisted Ann, “it might go over. Never, if it were my idea! You know how to work for things, and you don’t like Klim’s, and—and this would be a sort of substitute. It’s never been done in any town around here, but there are several in New York and other cities. And it—well, it would put Glenville on the map!”

(Continued on page 40)



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Radio



by **CLAIRE ANDERLEY**

RADIO'S actors are in one of the toughest professions on the list—and yet, there isn't one of them who wouldn't prefer genteel starvation as an actor to three solid meals earned by any other endeavor.

For the past several months there has been wailing in radio circles that, among the actresses alone, there are about five thousand feminine leads competing for approximately five hundred jobs. No analysis of the male predicament is available at the moment, but it is probable that conditions prevailing among the actors is proportionately the same.

All of these would-be radio stars have some talent, but at a guess, out of a possible five thousand radio actresses perhaps two thousand are gifted enough to be kept busy. The others, many of whom were drawn to radio because from the outside it looked easy and lucrative, have learned that radio is not a cinch. Their earnings are meager because they are pushed out by more accomplished competitors. It is a simple case of the survival of the fittest.

DON McLAUGHLIN, known to fans as David Harding of "Counterspy," and formerly as "Chaplain Jim," says that competition is the actor's toughest and most constant hazard. Don brought an interesting background and plenty of experience with him, three years ago, when he went to Phillips Lord, the creator and producer of "Counterspy," for his audition. The competition, of course, was keen. In spite of his ample talent and flexibility for the rôle, Don insists that luck was a strong factor in his success. Phillips Lord had conceived the character of David Harding as a Midwesterner, and Don's home town is Webster, Iowa.

Don McLaughlin looks just like Mr. Lord's own conception of David Harding. Tall, broad, blond, blue-eyed, and friendly, he wears tweeds and is a typical, down-to-earth American. Throughout high

school and college Don played small parts in the local stock companies. During his second year at college he organized his own troupe and made enough money to go back to Iowa State College for his B. A. This accomplished, he went to his home ground to teach school, which he did until he decided to travel.

His first stop was Arizona, where he worked at a small radio station, until the wanderlust again took hold of him. This time he landed in the East Indies, and didn't return until he had covered the Orient. When he got to New York he decided to remain, working at odd jobs in the entertainment field, getting as much experience as possible, and learning the industry from the ground up.

THEN one day a friend told him about the "Counterspy" auditions, and you know the rest. He enjoys playing David Harding, because the character is a real person to so many in the audience. Don is married—Mrs. McLaughlin is leader of Girl Scout Troop 20 in Darien, Connecticut, and has no desire to be an actress. Taking care of her daughter is a full-time job.

The requirements for an actress who can make a substantial living in radio are very stiff. Heading the list is a combination of versatility and imagination. It is just a part of a day's routine for an actress to be called upon to play a fairy with a high, squeaky voice in the morning, a ten-year-old boy from Brooklyn in the afternoon, and an old woman with a croaking voice in the evening.

In radio, the voice is the only channel of expression, and in order to survive, an actress must have several "voices." The radio entertainer's "boss" is the director, who might easily require an actress to read for him in five or six different voices in one audition.

For Helen Mencken, veteran radio actress and star of "Second Husband" for eight years, the "actress situation" in radio is a favorite topic of conversation.

(Address any questions you'd like to have answered on how radio functions behind the scenes to Radio Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No questions can be answered unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.)

As a star who has been acting since she could walk, she knows all the tricks. She is anxious to help newcomers, and has some sound advice to offer.

"Any girl who wants to be a radio actress," says Helen, "should study, work on a small local station, learn the ropes, and come to New York with enough money for at least one year, while she 'does the wearies' (making the rounds of the directors' offices, to you). Haunting the directors is a vital part of being a radio actress. Auditions are easy to get, but contacts with the directors are very difficult, and competition is strong."

Even Helen herself, a famous and established stage and screen actress, with a velvet voice, had to audition for the part of Brenda Cummings in "Second Husband," a rôle that she has now been playing for eight years. A newcomer would have little chance competing against such experience.

Jay Jostyn, "Mr. District Attorney," of radio, a show which has been among the ten most popular in radio for over a year, feels that experience is among the most essential of an actress's requirements.

"An unseasoned player hasn't got a chance," Jay says. "Most of the stage and screen actresses work in radio. They've been in show business for years. It's their whole life." The radio situation, he points out, is unique. There is no such thing as type casting. The field is wide open. One girl, if she's an experienced radio troupier, can play almost any rôle called for in the script.

The discussion with Jay Jostyn brought up the question: Where does the novice gain her network experience, since she can't get a job without it?

"Play the stock companies. Take any part at all, even if it's a walk-on. Work with seasoned players," is Jay's advice.

Radio, however, is an art in itself. Stage and screen work will help as acting experience, but microphone technique must be learned in radio. Jay Jostyn agrees that small stations offer the best groundwork.

Jostyn himself worked for quite some time on a small station, as well as in stock, before he got a break in New York. His main rôles have always been character parts, which partially accounts for his interpretation of Mr. D. A. On the air, Mr. D. A. sounds like a man well above fifty. Jay Jostyn is far below fifty.

The studio audience always gasps when Jay walks out on the stage. He is a typical Hollywood romantic lead—tall, well-built, with brown hair, and twinkling blue eyes. Very handsome. You would never think that this is an actor who once played in thirty-six shows—as forty-eight different characters—in one week! It could only happen in radio.

Successful actors are very busy individuals. It is often a source of wonder how they find the time to do anything else. Yet some of them are engaged in so many diversified activities that it is remarkable that they find the time to act!

Jean Hersholt, better known as "Dr. Christian" to his radio audience, is an actor, writer, translator, motion-picture producer, and good-will ambassador. He is president of the Screen Actors Guild, is the past president of the now extinct American Aid to Denmark Committee, and to top it all off, he is the founder of the Motion Picture Country Home, a refuge for ill and forgot-



Hints to a hep Hedy

by Rose Marie

Lovely Singing Star

Many a time, honey-haired Rose Marie opens her pretty mouth to sing behind a mike at some smooth dancing spot. This time Rose Marie drops a few pearls about Appeal!

Says she, "You're better at one thing than anybody else. So play it up! That thing is being yourself. But being yourself at your best. How to do? Well, to look hep, you've got to feel hep.

"Go in for sports. And don't you try to cheat the Sandman! You owe him eight hours each

night. Important with a capital 'I' is eating right. Three good, nourishing meals a day—breakfast included.

"For me, Wheaties have been a daily must for years—they're light, filling and good! Those crisp, malt-sweet flakes of whole wheat are fun to eat. Good for you, too." Include a big bowlful of milk, fruit and Wheaties in your breakfast tomorrow A.M.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

General Mills, Inc.



They'll "Get" you-Sure!



Just the underwear that *you* have been looking for! They fit so wonderfully, providing a super-smooth foundation for today's sleek styles. And so easy to wash! Just "dunk 'em and dry 'em".

"M" Knit'ns* are designed for you . . . to fill all your undies requirements . . . you'll buy them on sight when you see them wherever you buy your nice underthings.

You'll want a variety of styles in your wardrobe, of course. Simple cotton-knit styles for service; those beautiful rayon fabrics for dress; part wool for chillier days and winter sports.

*Knitted, of course, for greater comfort, longer wear, better looks.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS • Minneapolis 11, Minn.

IN THE KNOW

Today, the girl in the know is a Girl Scout. She is proud of the part Scouting helped her play during the war years. She is grateful to belong to the largest girls' organization in the whole world, and to have the opportunities for friendship in other countries. She realizes she will have a share in planning for better citizenship, and for being a better citizen, through her Scouting.

But, she knows too, that only those girls who are registered are really Girl Scouts. She makes sure her dues are paid, and paid on time. She encourages her friends to register promptly, so that her troop may keep its good standing.

Yes, the girl in the know is a Girl Scout. When her town, or her country, or the world needs a girl who is prepared, she will be the one they call.

Be Popular

GET off to a good start these opening school days—face new classmates with a clean, smooth skin that wins admiration.

Let Resinol Soap and Ointment help you. Wash daily with the fluffy soap lather, and soothe pesky skin outbreaks with the medicated ointment. Watch happy results.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP



ten cinema people. Jean also finds the time to collect pipes and first editions, of which he has one of the finest collections in the world.

Mr. Hersholt's work as an actor is well known to all. His contributions to literature, however, are not so well known to the public. Last year, the Limited Editions Club published the first complete volume of "Andersen's Fairy Tales" in one edition, as translated and retold by Jean Hersholt. This volume took him two years to complete. Another edition of fairy tales is in preparation for publication in time for Christmas next year.

It is remarkable that Jean finds any time to be an actor, but he does. In motion pictures he is on the board of directors of the Sol Lesser Productions. He also works on location—as an actor. In the eight years that he has been playing in "Dr. Christian," he has missed only one performance, and that was a few months ago, while he was on board ship returning from Denmark.

Would he give up acting? Never! Once an actor always an actor, and even Jean Hersholt would prefer "doing the wearies" to abandoning the acting profession.

THE END

Glory in the Dark

(Continued from page 37)

Glenville on the map. Hadn't Mrs. Gilford grown just a little taller at the words? Wasn't there something special on her face? Wasn't it—oh, *wasn't* it maybe the beginning of another campaign?

"But you're never to mention my name," Ann said, quite as if it were all settled. Then, "Just go down to USO and see for yourself how everybody's already using the place!"

Soon she was floating out of the house on what had once been legs, but now seemed things on which one could skim over the surface of the earth. Something in her chest was light and airy, lifting her up and up.

But on the street again, something up where her brain was sent down a bolt. What's the matter with you, anyhow, Ann Morehouse? She never said one word to encourage you. She acted that way because she was probably just plain flabbergasted that anybody could have such a fantastic idea!

"Goodness!" thought Ann. "What have I done, anyhow?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The American Look

(Continued from page 15)

suit with a collar and lapels that Betty is wearing under her topcoat. Or maybe you'd like one of the new jackets without a collar, sporting that becoming cardigan look which all the girls like in sweaters. Some of them come in dark colors piped with red or green; the bright color ones are bound in black or navy. They look equally smart with matching flannel skirts, or with those kiltie wrap-around skirts.

Betty's twin, Jean, chose a suit of fawn—
(Continued on page 43)

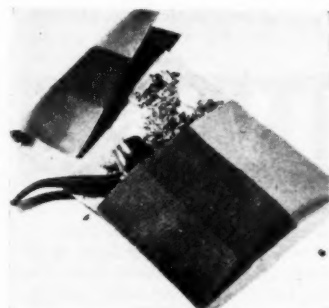


Christmas

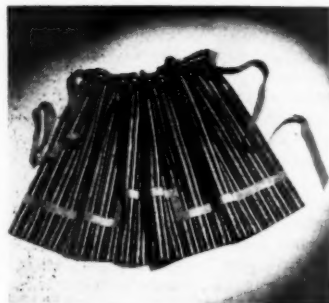
GIVE-A-WAYS

Christmas isn't so far away and smart girls are making plans. You can breeze through your list and get set with these gay, easy-on-the-budget ideas

by JEAN MARTIN



If your father is a pipe smoker, make this tobacco pouch for him



Here's a pretty apron you can make for Mom from a remnant



Make this corduroy handbag in any gay color for your sister

The American Girl



Jewelled belt set, visored cap, cotton gloves—tops for gifts!



This appliquéd laundry bag with ruffled trim is easy to make



Newest way to wear a fascinator—you'll have fun making it

PRESENTS that will rate cheers from friends and family can be achieved without heading you straight into a financial crisis if you use a little ingenuity and start planning now. Just get out your knitting pins, crochet hook, or needle and thread, and start the ball rolling.

What man wouldn't love a tobacco case made by his daughter's nimble fingers? Mother would be delighted at the sight of an appliquéd laundry bag, or a colorful apron for party wear. For sister we suggest a corduroy handbag with space for everything! Especially smart, too, are the choker, belt, and wristlet. For your best friend, or perhaps as a gift "to you," crochet a pair of gloves or knit the sash illustrated here, which, incidentally, can be worn as a fascinator and scarf as well. Last, but not least, is the all-important and popular peaked cap of the season. They're great fun to make and so easy to wear.

★ ★

GET ready—Get set—Go! The "green light" signal is on and there's no "stop sign" to your adventuring with needle and thread. Just pick out the things you want to make and write to us for detailed directions. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your order. For beginners, we suggest a quick glance through the "Learn How Book" obtainable at all 5-and-10c stores and leading department stores. Then listen to the needles click—you'll be winning the admiration of your friends and getting ready for a wonderful Christmas, too.

by PRISCILLA A. SLADE



Peggy Ann Garner, who, in a recent interview, sent her best wishes to all readers of *The American Girl*



It's a big dark secret apparently, but George Raft is giving it his best attention. The scene is from Peggy Ann's latest picture, "Nob Hill," in which she plays the part of a little Irish immigrant. Below, another scene from "Nob Hill"



WITH three screen hits behind her, thirteen-year-old Peggy Ann Garner might be expected to display some of the temperament often associated with older stars, but she's as natural as any teen-ager who's never been exposed to a klieg light, with lots of charm thrown in and an impressive amount of poise.

An A+ in poise is really not surprising in view of a career which started her off as a Powers model at the age of three. A complete stranger, struck by the young model's expressive face, told her parents that she could do anything, and encouraged them to groom her for the screen. Given her first big chance in "Little Miss Thoroughbred," Peggy Ann's success won

her leading roles in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," and "Junior Miss." Her most recent picture, just released, is "Nob Hill," in which she plays with George Raft.

Peggy Ann seems to have only one gripe—she'd like to have more time for swimming, riding, and most of all, ice skating, which she dotes on. But these things are hard to squeeze in when you spend a lot of your time before a camera, and most of what's left at the movie studio school for young stars. If you ask her about clothes, Peggy Ann will tell you that she likes sports clothes, especially sweaters. She's pretty sure she owns more sweaters than any other human being, bar none.

Speaking of MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD has had to resort to some queer dodges because of food and other shortages. The food in the picture, "Rhapsody in Blue," for instance, had to be faked in a number of ways. Mashed potatoes masqueraded as whipped cream, while bread paste—in a masterpiece of baking and sculpturing—posed on the screen as roast turkey. Lack of cotton and cork—formerly used to stuff screen dummies—resulted in the use of sawdust and old paper for stuffing the dummies of dead Japs for battle scenes in "Pride of the Marines." Polished brass and aluminum had to be simulated with painted wood. Final disillusionment came, however, when Hollywood ran out of the fine rubber cement they'd always used to make spider webs, and they had to be made of old-fashioned gooey glue.

★

There's a new title in Hollywood. The "order of the beard" was conferred on a special makeup expert when he was given the exclusive care and maintenance of Monte Woolley's beard for the filming of "Night and Day," the life story of Cole Porter. It seems that the famous beard had to be bleached for early sequences, and then progressively greyed as time passes in the story. And that wasn't the end of their beard difficulties. A hurry call for twenty-four bearded men to match Mr. Woolley in a comedy sequence brought forth only three adequately bearded candidates. An s.o.s. went to the makeup department for a beard specialist to bring the other 21 up to par.

★

Hollywood stars have had to forego the luxury of building swimming pools on their estates because no one could get enough cement. Only exception is John Garfield who allowed an inventor to build one of unrationed materials on his estate as an experiment. The pool worked fine, and John was able to buy it at a bargain rate because the inventor decided it would be a little difficult to take it home.

Those luxurious beds you see in the movies are by no means as soft and sinking as they look. Actually, they are recliners from which all springs have been removed and hard boards put in their place. Reason? Blame the camera—the body of a person in bed must not sink out of sight on soft bed-springs, it must make a definite outline under the covers.

★

Roddy McDowall has outgrown knee breeches and is having his first screen romance in "Holiday in Mexico," a Technicolor musical coming soon. In this picture, Roddy is sheep-eyed over Jane Powell who plays opposite him. The cast includes Ilona Massey, Jose Iturbi, and Xavier Cugat.

★

Elizabeth Taylor is getting ready for the filming of her new picture, "A Date With Judy." She will play with Margaret O'Brien and Jane Powell—the first time these three have been together in a picture.

★

Van Johnson recently got the biggest screen assignment of his career, the central character in "The Common Sin," the cast of which will feature thirty-one leading screen players. Van will play a happy young American boy who, by a strange quirk of fate is sent to jail for theft. With Van under lock and key, the picture sets out to show that there is a day in every one's life on which, except for chance, he could be found guilty of at least one small crime.

★

Coincidences sometimes happen in the filming of real life stories. The best one we've heard this month is from the picture, "Rhapsody in Blue," the life story of George Gershwin. Actors Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary DeCamp play the parents of George Gershwin whose parents in real life were named Morris and Rose.

The American Look

(Continued from page 40)

gray trimmed with blue-green piping made of the selvage of the fabric. The high-around-the-throat neckline is a young variant of the lapel suit Betty is wearing. It's snug and warm, and very becoming, too. Jean is wearing hand-crocheted gloves. This classic is ready to go to church as well as to school; and she has chosen rib-knit lisle stockings; sturdy, smart, and very nice looking with tweeds.

THE hat Jean wears is the new John Fred-ericks roller. It makes a becoming halo for any pretty face, and after all, it is only a new variation of that old classic, the sailor hat. Jean chose it in blue-green to match the trimming on her suit. If you wish to look demure, fawn-gray to match the suit would make an ideal foundation for a variety of accessory colors; or to be gay, strike a sharp contrast with orange or red, either of which looks well with blue-green.

And now for sweaters with skirts. Of course the cardigan, with its matching pull-over, leads all the rest in popularity, and it certainly is a CLASSIC. But we don't need to photograph or even sketch one for you . . . you know them by heart. So instead we give you a new version of the pullover, the turtle-neck sweater. This is especially popular this year because of those chunky neck-laces tight around the throat which you all love. A new note is that the sweater is now worn tucked in at the waist; a neater, smoother hipline is the result, particularly if any parting of the ways is prevented by a broad, bedazzling belt like the one in the photograph, which is trimmed with gilt nail-heads and fastened with triple buckles.

Matching the gilt is a bit of glitter on the wrist by way of a charm bracelet . . . they have practically become classics too, haven't they? If yours isn't chunky enough to suit you, see if you can locate an old watch chain of Dad's to help out with some of those extra twists.

Marian chose one of the new skirts. This has an inverted pleat . . . but how different from the short kick-pleat that was crisply pressed. This softly folded fullness turns into the belt, and is kind to round young hiplines.

Of course the pleated skirt is a staple classic we can't do without. Since we weren't supposed to use a lot of fabric during wartime we only have them pleated part way now. The back pleats, with the wrap-over front just like real Scotch kilts, are fun and good to wear, if you remember to keep the pleats pressed. If you aren't the kind of girl who takes her wardrobe "home-work" seriously, better skip this one. It does nothing for you if the pleats are wrinkled.

The same goes for your slacks, whether you wear them long or short. Keep them neatly pressed. Baggy pants never look smart, even though you wear them only for sports.

Shirtwaist dresses are perennial. You wore them in gingham and chambray through summer. You'll wear them in gabardine or flannel, in wool or in rayon, this winter. For sheer comfort nothing can beat them. For becomingness we love them. They come all

(Continued on page 44)

October



IS THE TIME FOR HIKES



No danger of wet matches if you carry a waterproof match-box of red plastic. It has flint for striking. 13-902—50c



Quench your thirst from your canteen. It is aluminum with plastic screw top and khaki case. Holds a quart. 13-105—\$1.50



When it's time to eat, open up that welcome lunch bag. Green waterproof duck with a roomy outer pocket and adjustable strap. 12-142—\$2.25



It's fun to split firewood when you have a handy ax. It has a protective sheath and weighs one pound. 13-265—\$1.35



GIRL SCOUTS ~ National Equipment Service

Retail Shop
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y.

Headquarters
155 East 44th St.
New York 17, N.Y.

Branch
1307 Washington Ave.
St. Louis 3, Mo.

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Discovery: Credit Department of Agriculture scientists with this eminently practical bit of heel and toe news. You've been having trouble with wearing out stockings in the two vital zones? Then just rub candle wax or paraffin on heels and toes before each wearing. There'll be no interference with laundering, no change in looks, but you will get four times more wear out of your stockings.

You, Wiz: Next time one of the electrical appliances around the house burns out, you can acquire a reputation for electrical wizardry. Put the two ends of the broken wire together. Then sprinkle a new wonder powder over them. And now—just plug the appliance into a wall socket. But—Eureka! For instantly, like magic, as soon as the current flows the wires are welded together. Pull this *trick* in one of those dark, dark moments when a toaster, iron, curler, or what-have-you burns out—and you own the house.



Great Expectations: Expect big things of real value to you from aluminum in the near future. Already, experimenters have woven aluminum thread into tablecloths. And what tablecloths these are! Spot them with eggs, or even grease. You can wash them off under the garden hose. Another new departure: aluminum threads woven into dresses. Results: dresses that not only wash out under the faucet, but can't be burned, and don't stretch or sag. U. S. aluminum is getting more plentiful all the time and, according to the men who contrive new ingenuities out of it, it won't be long now.

Neat Trick: You can hog this one for your own room. Or spread it throughout the house. The trick: a new luminous switch-plate cover that you can stick right over the present switch-plate. It'll be cream-colored all day but come night, when you flounder around trying to find the ordinary switch, this one will glow in the dark.



Climax Dept.: This is the device to end all devices. You don't like dishwashing? You'd like, as a matter of fact, to see an end to all dishes and the beginning of a new way of eating? Then how about this: dishes that can actually be eaten? They're made of pastry and come in all sizes. Use them and you don't need regular plates. The idea: eat the meal, then eat the pastry plates.

Better Letter: Chalk up an improvement in stationery design too. It's a little sheet that you can fold into five pages. Presto! You have the envelope too.



Finger Dazzle: Something to look forward to is the commercial development of a scintillating idea: interchangeable settings for jewelry. An inventor has come up with a setting that has a flat bottom from which projects a pin. Screw the pin into the flat top of the ring, brooch, or other base—and there you have it: a way to make the same jewelry base serve for any number of settings.

Heartier Heels: Look for good news in shoes soon. They'll be sturdier in the vital zone. A new process covers the wooden heel cores of women's shoes with a cellulose acetate and makes the heels longer lasting than the shoes themselves, which is quite a trick. Add, too, that the coating is scratchproof, scuffproof, unaffected by dirt, ice, or snow.



If you want to know more about any of the products described in this column—send your questions to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The American Look

(Continued from page 43)

in one piece for the active souls who pull apart easily . . . or you can choose two-piece mix-matches in different colors, with contrasting skirts and blouses.

Another remedy for waistline difficulties is the jumper skirt. This offers a perfect opportunity to wear a variety of blouses or sweaters, and still remain smooth and serene. Many of the new ones have a broad-shouldered look provided by a wider wing at the shoulder. They are definitely becoming to the very slim, and somehow add a lot of flattery that sometimes just a sweater and skirt miss.

CLASSICS are so thoroughly identified with sport clothes that sometimes we forget that the same beautiful simplicity can be found in date dresses. Actually, the becomingness of dress-up clothes depends just as much on really good fabrics and simple, well-tailored lines, as these two photographs of bright colored wools show. The dress with the button-up-to-the-neck yoke has the new dropped shoulderline, with the tiny puff sleeves curving out from it. The narrow belt ties at the back, and the skirt flares softly toward the hemline.

The classic beret is worn in the new way, forward over the brow with the hair dropping softly to the shoulders. The classic shoe, shanks' mare, challenges the popularity of that other classic, the saddle shoe; and it looks as well for such dress-up clothes as it does for school. Notice the short glove, worn with simple bracelets on one wrist.

A bit more sophisticated is the fuchsia wool with broad-brimmed black felt hat, black gloves, and bow slippers. The dress itself is simply cut, with a slightly flared skirt and tiny belt; but it has the new wide victory sleeve, soft and deep at the armhole. Both the edges of the sleeves and the high, round neckline are bordered in a hand-knit banding of black.

If you have a firm foundation of careful grooming, these are the sort of clothes that will help you to achieve the charm, chic, and gaiety that add up to the American Look. Next time you need something new, give careful consideration to the classics.

THE END

Father Knows the Answers

(Continued from page 19)

He says that wearing such clothes too long will develop habits of awkwardness in a teen-age girl that will take years for her to correct.

Both Dad and Mother say that by the time I'm sixteen I'm going to be awfully glad that I try to follow their advice now. They always turn out to be right about everything else, so I'm sure they're right about that, too. And just from the added poise and self-confidence I've felt since I began to practice these beauty hints, I can say they've already helped me and I think they'll help you, too.

THE END

Know Your Money

(Continued from page 27)

money look old. They dip the bills in strong coffee and let them dry. They rub cold cream over them. When Secret Servicemen broke into one gang's plant a few years ago, they found a man on his hands and knees rubbing the bills against the Persian rug to darken them.

Even easier to detect than bad bills are bogus coins. The other day two 10-year-old boys marched into Secret Service headquarters in New York, one clutching a tattered bus transfer, the other a lead fifty cent piece. "Here, mister," they said. "We read on the back of this transfer where you want counterfeits. Here's one. Feel it—it's greasy. And it don't bounce right."

As reward, the agent showed them all through the building, let them see the lie detector and a dozen other crook-catching mysteries, and then sent them home the cheatiest kids in the city.

Those two will never be lured into "passing" money for counterfeiters. They know too much.

But official files are full of the sad stories of ignorant boys and girls who have been duped by these racketeers.

A few years ago, agents heard that phony dimes and quarters were flooding Greenwich Village. They tracked down the "passers" and discovered they were girls—two sisters, 16 and 17 years old. They were passing about \$15 worth of lead coins every day

(Continued on page 48)

"CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT"

— BUT IT ANSWERED A QUESTION FOR JIM AND JANE —

SEE YOU GOT YOUR NEW BIKE JIM. BOY IT'S A BEAUTY!

SURE IS! AND IT'S GOT A MORROW COASTER BRAKE — THE BEST MADE!

YOU KNOW IT!

JIM, WHY DO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS SAY A MORROW'S THE BEST COASTER BRAKE MADE?

SEARCH ME. JUST IS. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT. BUT LET'S ASK DAD — HE'LL KNOW!

DADDY, WHY DO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS SAY MORROW IS THE BEST COASTER BRAKE MADE?

MORROW — WHY THAT'S THE COASTER BRAKE I HAD ON MY BIKE. YOU BET IT'S THE BEST, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY —

HERE'S MY OLD BIKE — USED TO RIDE OVER TO SEE YOUR MOTHER ON IT. THE BIKE'S ABOUT THROUGH, BUT THAT MORROW BRAKE IS AS GOOD AS NEW!

NOW LOOK AT THIS MORROW ON YOUR BIKE, JANE. FIRST THING, IT'S THE ONLY COASTER BRAKE MADE IN AMERICA THAT HAS 31 BALL BEARINGS

OH I GET IT! THAT'S WHERE MORROW GETS "SPEED-WHEELING" COASTING

RIGHT, JIM, AND MORROW COASTER BRAKES ARE MADE BY A FAMOUS MAKER OF AUTOMOBILE BRAKES—SO THEY REALLY KNOW HOW

NOW WATCH THIS — SEE HOW JUST A TOUCH OF MY HAND STOPPED THAT WHIRLING WHEEL QUICK. THAT'S THE QUICK, SAFE STOPPING ACTION EVERY BIKE BRAKE SHOULD HAVE

GEE, LOOK AT DAD WHIZZ ALONG — AND HE CAN STOP ON A DIME

YOU'D THINK HE OWNED A BRAND NEW BIKE

A MORROW COASTER BRAKE KEEPS MY BIKE RIDING LIKE NEW!

THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE
 Today smart boys and girls are the buyers of MORROW. They know every Morrow Coaster Brake is a product of Bendix Creative Engineering. ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION, Bendix Aviation Corporation, Elmira, N. Y.

Hold everything... Have a Coca-Cola



...or don't feel annoyed... feel refreshed

Who cares about a minor flop, once the party's rolling? With fun! And food! And refreshment! A host *makes* the party when he breaks out the ice-cold Coca-Cola. For *Have a Coke* means it's open house—the good time is on. It says *We're all friends together; let's get in the groove.*





The September Issue

EASTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS: Golly sakes, what happened? I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years, but never had I seen anything like the September issue! Lately I had lost interest in the magazine, because it had no color or sparkle to it. Just one glance at my new issue assured me this was all changed. Every article was wonderful, and I really couldn't pick a favorite.

I shall recommend *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to my friends at school, as I know many of your other readers all over the world will do also, because once again it has climbed to the top, in my opinion. Now *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is really a teen-age girl's magazine.

The September issue was truly super, but if it is possible, I wish you would include a few more fashions.

Thanks again for the newly great magazine, keep up the good work, and good luck to you in the future.

JOYCE ANN PRICE

Fashions for Chubby Girls

CINCINNATI, OHIO: I have just received my September copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Although I'm not much at writing letters, I decided I must congratulate you on the "modernized" magazine. It sure is super.

I liked the fashion articles the best. How about more fashions for the short, chubby girl?

MARY ELLEN LIPSKY

Three Cheers

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT: I've been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for four years, and lately it had ceased to be my favorite magazine. But this was changed the minute I saw the September issue.

First of all, the cover is so much more modern and up to date, with a real girl, and it arouses any girl's interest.

The illustrations for the stories are much better than they were before, and it even seems that the stories are twice as interesting. Putting fashions into the magazine is a smooth idea, and *Speaking of Movies* will also be popular.

You must know by now that I'm quite pleased and surprised by the new trend in the magazine. Three cheers for the improved *AMERICAN GIRL*!

FRANCES McNALLY

The Right Ideas

BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK: Thanks simply loads for that pepped-up, timely, and colorful September issue. I was beginning to be a little disinterested in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* when the September copy came. I read it through from cover to cover. You really have ideas that are *our* ideas now.

Keep up the good work, and the color.

LILLIAN MARSTON

More Features

COLUMBUS, OHIO: When I read the September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I noticed a change that I'm sure every reader liked, especially the increase in the number of features and the action in the stories.

JUDY CADOT

Jennifer and Journalism

ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA: I have no doubt that you'll be getting many, many appreciative letters concerning your September issue. I've never written a letter of this sort before, but I was so pleasantly overwhelmed by the wonderful features you've added to the magazine, I just couldn't resist writing you.

I am seventeen, and was beginning to think I had definitely outgrown *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, when suddenly you came out with this perfect issue. I can't begin to tell you how the magazine appeals to me now. The pages certainly do jump out at you, and the articles are just what teen-age girls want, if I'm any judge. Please continue with the news about fashions, dates, personalities, grooming—and, of course, all the interesting articles about people.

I loved the story about Jennifer Jamison and I would like many more stories about her. I also wish you would have an article on journalism as a career—something helpful on how to get started in that field. Journalism is my big interest in life. I took it last year, and I edited the school paper every week. To be truthful, I am quite obsessed by a longing to write.

Congratulations on your splendid revival of a good magazine.

DUSÉ LOVE

A Veteran Girl Scout

SALEM, VIRGINIA: I have just received my September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I want to tell you how much I like the revised magazine. I'm glad we're going to

have more of the Downings, but where is Bobo Witherspoon? Let's have more of her.

I'm very much interested in Girl Scouting. I feel like a veteran in it, because I've been a Brownie, an Intermediate, and am now a Senior Scout.

I live in a town in the valley between the famous Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains of Virginia. They are very beautiful.

Thank you again for a super new magazine.

LULA CROSS CHAPMAN

The Old and the New

MIDLAND, PENNSYLVANIA: I just received my September issue this morning, and as usual, I paged through it. What a surprise! It was an altogether different *AMERICAN GIRL*. It had all my favorite articles, such as *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and the joke page, PLUS many other articles that were simply swell, and three fiction stories. I'm sure every other reader thinks your September issue was the best you've ever turned out.

Again thanks a million. The mag is really tops.

DOROTHY TRBOVICH

Lucy Ellen's Wedding

COLUMBUS, OHIO: Have just received my September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and surely do approve of the changes.

The stories certainly are better, and I'm looking forward to the story of Lucy Ellen's wedding. The news articles are right up to date, and the fashion and beauty features are a welcome addition.

I am sixteen and a senior in high school. I was a Girl Scout for six years, and certainly recommend Scouting to any girl who wants to learn to make herself useful as well as to have fun.

Bravo for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and let's keep up the good work.

ELIZABETH WALCUTT

Change is Good for Us!

ROCKVILLE, CONNECTICUT: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for years, but I'm going to be truthful and admit that I've never particularly liked it. That is, until I picked up the September issue today. What a pleasant change! Why—I love it.

Keep up the good work, and I know you'll be getting letters of praise from everywhere.

ELSIE LOOS

Hair-does Requested

ROCK HILL, MISSOURI: As soon as I received my September issue I had to sit down and tell you how nice I think it is.

I like the story *Dueña for a Day* very much, and I am glad to hear that you are going to have the story of Lucy Ellen's wedding. I hoped you would, because I like all those stories.

Lots of luck with your "new" magazine.

LOUISE LOGAN

P.S.: More hair-does, please.

Growing Up

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I simply had to write and tell you how much I love the way you have made our magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Any other time I wouldn't expect anything really spectacular, but when I saw the September issue with a color photograph on the cover, and so many more new, different and interesting stories and articles, I loved it. I have been getting it for two years, and can truthfully say that this is the best issue published yet.

Thank you again and again for changing it to a grown-up magazine. I love it! Keep on publishing *THE AMERICAN GIRL* like this!

BLANCHE ANDERTON

Tulip Festival

PELLA, IOWA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years. I have always enjoyed the magazine, but the September issue was a great improvement. I liked *Make It a Date* and *Dressing Table Tricks*. I think more beauty hints, make-up tricks, and hair-does would improve it even more.

I live in the Dutch town of Pella, Iowa. Each year we have a Tulip Festival. People, young and old, don Dutch costumes and make it a gay time with Dutch dances, songs, and street scrubbing.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman at Pella high school.

LOUISE RYSDAM

She Likes Our Color

LIMA, OHIO: I have just finished reading my September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I want to let you know how pleased I am with the changes that you have made. I always loved the magazine before, but I like it so much better now. I especially liked the story about Jenny Jamison, and I wish there could be more about her.

The color adds so much, and the articles about fashions, artists—in fact, all the new articles—make *THE AMERICAN GIRL* tops, in my opinion.

Before I close I would like to say just one more thing—please have more Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing stories.

SALLY EATON

The letters we've printed here are just a sample of the steady stream that has poured in telling us how much you liked the new *American Girl*. Naturally we're very pleased and proud of your response. Keep on writing. Tell us the things you don't like as well as the things you like about your magazine, and don't hesitate to make suggestions about the kinds of articles, stories, and features you want to see included.

THE EDITOR


The American Girl 47

Come Along For a FLYING LESSON!



New Booklet Shows You How Easy It Is To Fly

This exciting new booklet, "How to Fly a Piper Cub," takes you on a typical flying lesson. Shows you how easy it is to take off, climb, turn, glide and land in a Piper Cub. Written and directed by a certified flight instructor. Includes many other features and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. For your copy send 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling, Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department AG 105, Lock Haven, Penna.



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WE'RE PLANNING THESE PLEASURES FOR

Her tomorrow!

Proms . . . parties . . . sorority dances . . . these are a few of the highlights for today's American girl. But, to these pleasures, soon will be added vast new fields for even greater enjoyment.

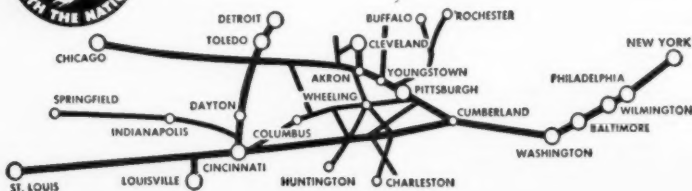
Ahead lies the romance, joy and adventure of seeing and knowing many distant and interesting places. In the not too far off future, young America will board sleek streamlined trains to travel many pleasant miles over railroads like the Baltimore & Ohio.

Gliding effortlessly along over B&O rails, tomorrow's young travelers will see, before

their own eyes, the picture-book scenes, historic sites and many other exciting things of which they've read, heard and dreamed.

To make these journeys of tomorrow even more delightful, the Baltimore & Ohio now is making careful plans that will make your travels by train long remembered adventures of matchless pleasure.

That time of carefree travel will come *soon* . . . just as *soon* as the B & O and other railroads can finish the job of moving America's victorious service men and women back to their homes and loved ones.



R. B. White
R. B. WHITE, President

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Know Your Money

(Continued from page 45)

by buying soap and thread in neighborhood stores. Agents followed them, located their plant, and learned that the girls were working for their stepfather.

Here's another true tragedy. A young girl who ran away from home was befriended by a stranger who talked her into passing \$10 bills for him. Caught and put behind bars, she refused to describe her employer. It took detectives 6 days to make her see things in their true light and realize how this man had tricked her.

Ignorance, you see, is the root of the counterfeit racket. These criminals can't succeed when people know how they work.

In the past 8 years Chief Wilson and his crime fighters have chalked up a splendid record of informing Americans. Yet they are eager to reach even more of us.

If you want to start a course in your school or show one of the movies at your troop or class meetings, all you have to do is write to your nearest local Secret Service branch. Or drop a note direct to the Chief himself: Chief Frank J. Wilson, U. S. Secret Service, Treasury Building, Washington 25, D. C.

He'll be glad to co-operate. He believes we play a big part in helping to control counterfeiters. We are the ones who accept or reject bad money. If we accept it, counterfeiters can return again, stealing our money in vast sums and luring thousands of girls and boys into a life of crime.

But if we learn the truth, keep our eyes open, and do our part, we can stamp out completely this robbery racket. It's all up to us.

THE END

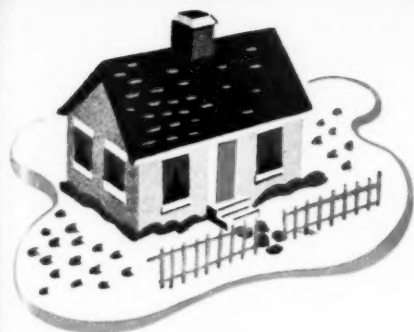
Bobo Toes the Mark

(Continued from page 11)

Rose Troop. If you just went about as usual—to school and church and music lesson and general rambling—you might easily forget, and twelve days would quickly and frighteningly become eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four . . . Bobo made herself feel quite dizzy dropping downward like that through the fleeting days. But the mark—that would remind you; it would make you remember every minute what you had to do. A great light dawned in Bobo's perplexed face as there burst over her a literal idea of how to translate Jane's mystifying command. She bounced off the steps, dashed in to the hall closet after a ball of twine, and then bounded down cellar, whence an irregular sound of sawing puzzled Mr. Witherspoon above.

Mr. Horatio Bristle had the name of being a very crotchety old gentleman indeed. It was a never-failing source of wonderment to Red Rose Troop that their youngest and most unaccountable member had so tamed him that it was he who had provided the day camp, and had lately lent himself so vigorously to their cause. But he still was apt to be thoroughly annoyed by trifles—so that when he heard a small but persistent

(Continued on page 52)



AROUND THE HOUSE

by LEE WALKER



Doeskin gloves are much easier to "tan" into shape after they are washed, if you will put a marble in the very end of each finger before you hang them up to dry. As you force the marbles out of the dry gloves, the fingers will soften up at the same time, and what's more, they will fit your fingers just as they did when they were new.



Here's how to preserve autumn leaves for several days when you want them for decorating purposes. Place the stems in two quarts of water, to which have been added 8 ounces of glycerine. If the stems are heavy and woody you can insure better absorption by hammering the ends, or cutting long slits up the centers of the stems. Let them stand in the water overnight.



Dahlias will keep twice as long with a little premeditated care. When they are first picked, peel off the lower leaves (thereby removing the outer skin of the stem) and submerge the dahlias in deep water up to their necks overnight. Arrange the bouquet the next day. The top leaves stay on for added decoration.



There is still time for a few outdoor picnics before cold weather. If you have no outdoor fireplace, try using the wheelbarrow as a stove the next time you entertain the gang for supper. Fill the bottom with dirt or sand, and build the charcoal fire on top. Place a rack or grill over the coals—and you're all set to broil hamburgers, hot dogs, or whatever you choose. Wheel the "stove" around, curb-service style, and let each guest serve himself. Wheelbarrows can pinch-hit for iceboxes, too. Just fill the bottom with coarsely cracked ice, and nestle the bottles of coke, pop, etc. around it. Roll the wheelbarrow out to a pleasant spot in the yard or garden, and watch them all come and get it on the run!



Is something burning? Never mind. You can save that precious aluminum pan, even though the vitamins are lost. After the food particles have been scraped away, this is what you do with the horrible black coating that remains. Turn the pan upside down over the gas flame, or electric burner, making sure it is centered squarely over the heat, and let it burn off. This takes about half an hour, depending upon the amount of damage done. The pan will come up shiny and new looking—but don't try this on anything but aluminum.



Since all cosmetics are taxed right now, it is a good idea to conserve what we can. For instance, any glamorous looking bath-powder boxes can be refilled several times with a can of baby talcum at a fraction of the original cost. And if it is good for baby's skin—it won't do you any harm!

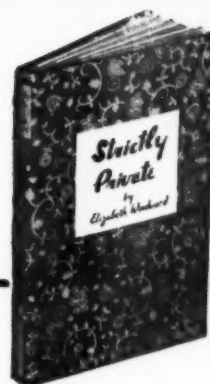


Having trouble getting suede brushes for your fall footgear? Use a piece of fine steel wool—lightly—and the nap will come up almost as well as it does with the brush. This works on heavier felt hats, too—but don't forget to use a whisk broom afterward.



Powdered graphite, which you can buy at automobile accessory stores, will lubricate zippers that no longer work smoothly. Sprinkle it on the metal part of the zipper and open and close it several times, to make sure all the mesh is covered. You can often fix a stubborn zipper by running the point of an ordinary lead pencil up and down the center mesh.

Save the old candles when they grow too short for further use on the table: they make good kindling for the fireplace. Two short candles will start one fire. Just melt the candle over the bottom log, add a bit of paper to start the flame, and the Cape Cod lighter won't be missed. Paper milk cartons are good for kindling too, as they are covered with a waxy substance which burns readily.



It's like this . . .

YOU can be a drizzlepuss—if you want to. The kind of girl **NOTHING** ever happens to. Or you can **DO** something about it. Furbish up your facade so men and people turn to look twice. Lubricate your jaw gears so you can talk. And stock up your think box with things to say. Then polish up your disposition and your angle on things so men want to date you and girls want to duet too.

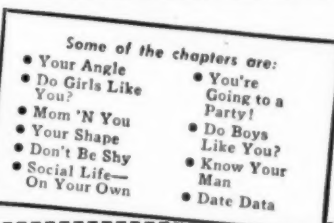
Elizabeth Woodward lays no claim to being a fairy godmother. But as Editor of the Sub-Deb in the *Ladies' Home Journal* she knows what's on girls' minds. They write her a half-million letters a year—pouring out their joys and griefs and perplexes and problems. She ought to know! And her sympathy, understanding and straight-from-the-shoulder answers are like magic wands. You've undoubtedly read her pages in the *Journal*—so you know what we mean.

If you can read her new book without picking up at least six new tricks, lady, you weren't listening!

Strictly Private

By **ELIZABETH
WOODWARD**

Sub-Deb Editor of *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*



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BOOKS


by MARJORIE CINTA

OCTOBER'S bright blue weather is an invitation to the road; hikes are the order of the day and wieners brown slowly in the tangy smoke of campfires. What could be sweeter on a cool October evening, after a long happy day outdoors, than to stretch out before a snapping fire with a popper of corn or a fat juicy apple and a favorite book? If old favorites pall, try one of these for a super evening.

Runway to the Sun


 BY COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT, JR. *Charles Scribner's Sons*, \$2.50. If the humdrum routine of back-to-school has you down, here's your chance to take off for adventure. For no Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer ever got more out of life than Robert Scott and he enjoys himself all over again in this book, as he writes of his life up to the time he got his longed-for orders to get into the fight against the Japs. When his flying experiments ended in disaster, young Robert took to the rails and wandered all over the South as a member of a Hobo Club. As a very new second lieutenant, he burned up 15,000 miles of European roads on a motorcycle trip which took him as far as Constantinople. If you have your eye on the job of pilot of the family plane in the postwar world, you'll revel in the details of actual flying instruction with which the author describes his days as student pilot and later as instructor in the Army Air Corps. In between are years of fun and adventure in tropical jungles and on camping trips, with some of the colonel's mouth-watering recipes thrown in for good measure. If you've read "God Is My Co-Pilot," Col. Scott's own story of how he came to be known as the "one-man air force" of the China skies, you know that this modest and daring fighter pilot can tell a good story.

Women in Aviation

 BY BETTY PECKHAM. *Thomas Nelson & Sons*, \$2.50. If "Runway to the Sun" feeds your burning ambition for a flying career, you'll find an up-to-the-minute survey of the field here. You are well acquainted with Miss Peckham's comprehensive, practical handling of career material from her AMERICAN GIRL articles. In fact, her aviation articles, first printed in this magazine, form a part of the first section of this


book, under the heading, "Women's Military Services in Aviation." And what a thrill you'll get out of all the exciting things the WASP, WAG, WAVES, Marines, SPARS, and Flight Nurses have been doing. The gals on the assembly line and elsewhere in aircraft manufacture have done themselves proud, too, and it's interesting to learn what the future is likely to hold in this phase of aviation. Civil aviation offers many fascinating opportunities—office, maintenance, and hostess jobs. And there are the Government and weather girls as well as instructors and trainers. If you're bent on finding a place for yourself in aviation, you ought to be able to find your special niche listed somewhere on these pages, together with a description of the job, how to secure it, and what salary you may expect to earn. Wing Scouts will want this book for their troop libraries.

Brave Nurse


 BY ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB. *D. Appleton-Century Company*, \$2. All the medals for gallantry in action didn't go to the men in this war—not by a long shot. Feminine hearts will swell with pride over these thrilling stories behind the bronze and silver stars that decorate the uniforms of courageous Army and Navy nurses. If you are one of the thousands of girls who groaned all through the war, "Salvaging paper and buying War Bonds is all right, but why can't I do something really worth

while?" you'll jump at this opportunity to share vicariously in the excitement, danger, and inspiration of the brave deeds performed by nurses under fire all over the world. Miss Newcomb makes the incidents so real, you'll feel that you're right there within the sound of the guns.

Cartooning for Fun and Profit

 BY LOIS FISHER. *Wilcox & Follett*, \$1.50. Maybe instead of a tennis racquet you brandish a clever pencil, decorate your letters with amusing stick figures, and like to design your own Christmas cards. Lois Fisher's book is crammed with helpful hints for the budding cartoonist. Anyone can learn to draw, says the author—illustrator, and proceeds with her entertaining sketches, diagrams, and simple explanations to make it seem the easiest thing in the world. In fact, she makes it seem so easy and such fun, that you are convinced you've been missing half the joy in life and can't wait to grab the breadboard, a bit of tracing paper, and a number 2B pencil, to start making your own get-well cards for your sick friends or place cards for those in festive mood.

Laurel for Judy

 BY LT. HELEN HULL JACOBS, USNR. *Dodd, Mead & Company*, \$2. How's your tennis? Do you wield a mean racquet and dream of some day becoming a champion? Lt. Jacobs, who added to her many other tennis titles that of Champion of the World at Wimbledon in 1936, has based this story of how tennis champions are made partly on her own experiences. Judy Martin learned to play tennis to please her father. She, herself, was much more interested in a ranch where she could raise horses, and a date with good-looking Gordon Tucker. But when her father made her a member of the tennis club so that the best coach in California could give her lessons, she began to cast covetous eyes on the National Junior title. Learning to play championship tennis meant giving up most of her time to practice, refusing parties and dates and seeing little of her friends. Then, on the eve of her first tournament, came need to prove herself of the stuff of which champions are made, for Judy came down with a bad case of



Courtesy of Collier's

You'll Want

Stocky, BOY OF WEST TEXAS

By Elizabeth W. Baker

Illustrated by
Charles Hargens



In 1878 when Texas was young there was plenty of adventure for everyone in everyday life. Stocky found plenty, too, and every girl 12 to 15 years old will find his story exciting reading.

\$2.00

The Secret Spring



By
Emma Atkins Jacobs

A mystery-romance for older girls, this book tells the story

of Laurel Marsh, who with her family, toured the Chautauqua Circuits in their heyday. The mystery she found in an old trunk and the secret spring she found within herself make a fascinating story. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. **\$2.00**

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A complete, well-illustrated story of aviation for the 12 and up-ers. Over 300 pages written in an interesting manner by three aviation experts. **\$2.50**



THE STORY OF American Aviation

Written and illustrated
by Jim Ray

Jim Ray has been flying for thirty years. His book, containing over 150 beautiful illustrations and diagrams in full color and black and white, covers military and civil aviation in the United States from the Wright Brothers to the present time. You'll want it in your library. **\$2.50**

At Your Bookstore

The John C. Winston Co.
IN PHILADELPHIA

poison oak! Although the fine points of play will mean more to tennis fans, you'll enjoy Judy Martin's story, even if you've never held a racket.

The Silver Inkwell


BY PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.00. So you want to be a writer? So did Lynn Sheridan. She had a businesslike office complete with filing case and typewriter where she turned out stories about glamorous actresses, love affairs in India, or nurses on the field of battle. Lynn had never been in India, never met an actress, or known an Army nurse, so it's not surprising that her bulletin board was papered with rejection slips. She took a job in a publishing house where she had an inside seat to watch the wheels go round in the fascinating business of book making. But she didn't like it any more than you'd be likely to when Bryce Hunter, the bored young man with whom she worked, told her what was wrong with her stories. She begrudged the time spent working with a neighborhood Club for neglected children, but contacts she made there helped her to realize the truth of Bryce's criticism. Lynn and Bryce always managed to rub each other the wrong way but they seemed to be good for each other in spite of that, or maybe because of it. No budding author will want to miss the good advice sprinkled so lavishly through this tale.

Now That April's There


BY DAISY NEUMANN. J. B. Lippincott, \$2.50. Have you wondered how the English boys and girls who came over here for the "duration" feel now that they are back home again? Here's an answer in Daisy Neumann's story of the return of the Turners—fifteen-year-old Wincy and her younger brother Angus—to Oxford after four years in the home of a Harvard professor and his wife. After the freedom and camaraderie of an American household, nursery teas, school uniforms, the restrictions and reserve of English ways, seemed just as stuffy to Wincy as they would to you. Wincy's mother was horrified at her daughter's grown-up ways and tried to change her back again into a proper seen-but-not heard English miss. Everyone was scandalized when Wincy made a date to go rowing with a boy. Have you ever felt that you were older than your father and mother? Wincy felt that way, too, as she tried to make her puzzled parents understand how worth while were many of the new ideas she had brought from the States. You'll want to cheer when Wincy holds on to the best of her acquired American ways as she wakes up to a new appreciation of English life. You'll be amused at her father, a staid Oxford don, calling American flapjacks nectar and ambrosia, joining in to make dish washing a jolly family rite, and bobbing for apples with a company of G.I.'s on Halloween. Indeed the whole Turner family managed to achieve a happy merger of the two ways of life. "Now That April's There" makes the exchange of young people seem like a successful way to bring about International understanding.

THE END

The American Girl 51



**"The American Girl's"
favorite in her
new adventures**



Lucy Ellen's Heyday

By
**FRANCES FITZPATRICK
WRIGHT**

LUCY ELLEN certainly felt like Joan of Arc summoned to an heroic undertaking—her country was at stake. In Lucy Ellen's case it was the farm—the corn to be gathered, hay to be made, tobacco to be stripped and sold, fall plowing to be done, wheat to be sowed, cows to be milked, and the chickens looked after. Well, she ran the farm, or rather the farm ran her—and ragged. Nevertheless, she could manage to make herself look smooth at a moment's notice when Lt. (j.g.) Harrison blew into town in his Navy uniform. Lucy Ellen is obviously a girl in a million and Mrs. Wright knows how to tell her story with sparkle.

LUCY ELLEN'S HEYDAY appeared in *The American Girl* under the title *For the Land's Sake*. If you missed reading it, be sure to get yourself a copy. **\$2.00**

Her earlier adventures were

LUCY ELLEN
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**LUCY ELLEN'S
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Bobo Toes the Mark

(Continued from page 48)

clattering noise approaching along the sidewalk, he straightened irascibly from tying up his chrysanthemums, and scowled down the street. When he saw who was coming, his frown relaxed and a grin curled under his white mustache. Among the fallen leaves, Bobo was approaching, and Mr. Bristle's expression changed again to one of inquiring perplexity when he perceived the source of the slight rattling sound. It was a small block of wood which his young friend pulled after her by means of several feet of string. On the block, an X was blackly painted. This mysterious gadget, like a miniature lobster-pot buoy, bumped among the maple leaves reddening the sidewalk.

"Ho, Bobo!" cried Mr. Bristle, popping up from between his flowers. "How are you—and what in thunder is this contraption you're dragging around with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Bristle, I am glad to see you," said Bobo, beaming. "You're the very person I'd like to begin on."

Mr. Bristle backed away apprehensively. "Now, Bobo!" he exclaimed. "I don't know—if it's anything like those first-aid bandages or those Santa Claus whisks. . . I haven't really been the same since."

"I know you haven't," Bobo agreed cheerfully, "ever so much nicer! Oh, no, it's nothing like that. It's just to be sure and come to the great big Girl Scout rally on the 29th."

The old gentleman gave a puffing sigh of relief. "The answer to that is in the affirmative," he said heartily, even pulling out his little red leather notebook to jot down the date. "But what's this little pet you're trailing along, that's what I want to know?"

"Oh, that's just my Mark," Bobo explained earnestly.

"Hey?" said Mr. Bristle.

"My Mark," Bobo repeated. "Jane Burke said we were all to tow the mark and get lots of people to come to the rally. So this is my Mark—and I'm towing it. It reminds me to ask people."

Mr. Bristle went off into one of his inexplicable fits, bobbing his red face up and down among his chrysanthemums, and making the gurgling and panting sounds that often alarmed Bobo. She never saw any reason for these seizures, and feared her old friend might be on the verge of some serious malady.

"Ho, ho, ho," puffed Mr. Bristle. "So you're towing the mark—ho, ho. Well, keep up the good work, Bobo—and ho, ho—maybe I'll get me a mark to tow, so I'll be sure to remember about going to the rally."

"I can easily make you one, if you'd like," Bobo assured him. "It's really a good idea; it keeps you reminded, you see."

"It's a capital idea," agreed Mr. Bristle. "Here, have a chrysanthemum. And wait—seems to me I've got a little piece of licorice in my pocket."

SUCKING the licorice and admiring the flower, Bobo proceeded on her way to the store, whither she had been bound in the first place.

Mr. Gamish, troubled by shortages and lack of help, seemed grudging about selling Bobo even a loaf of bread. He slapped it



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down on the counter so violently that it took all her courage to ask him if he wouldn't like to come to the rally on the 29th.

"I got troubles enough," said Mr. Gammish, "without Girl Scouts in my life. My kid's always pestering to be one, and that's enough."

"But she *ought* to be one," Bobo assured him, "and if—"

At this moment, an elderly lady customer tripped over the string by which Bobo towed her mark, and peered down irately through her nose glasses to see what was happening to her. "Little girls who bring dogs on leashes into shops—" she began. "Why, it isn't even a *dog*!"

Bobo, at this point, felt compelled to explain just what it was. She did so at some length, while the lady's eyes opened wider behind her glasses, and Mr. Gammish leaned over the counter, and several other customers drew near to listen, fascinated.

Mr. Gammish reduced his grin and said, "The 29th, was it? Well—I can't come, because of the store, see? But I'll make sure Mrs. G. and my kid go. She ought to see what it's all about, I guess, and maybe she can be a Girl Scout so's she'll stop pestering me."

Bobo didn't think this was a very good reason, but she thanked Mr. Gammish, and turning inclusively to the other people in the store, said, "It would be very nice indeed if you'd *all* come."

Then, grasping her loaf of bread and her chrysanthemum, she made a dignified departure, her mark bumping behind her.

HER friend Mr. O'Brien, the policeman on the beat, was afraid it might involve her in traffic difficulties crossing the street, so she took a reef in the towline and, when she reached the curb, explained to him why it was necessary for her to be accompanied by such an appendage.

"Ye don't say, now!" cried Mr. O'Brien, grinning all over his red face. "Well, let me look at it, now. If that isn't as inajynious a piece of work as iver I see." Moreover, he was quite sure that he was off duty the afternoon of the 29th, and it wouldn't hurt him and the missus to drop in.

"Oh, that would be too wonderful," beamed Bobo. "We'd trifically 'preciate a member of the p'lice force. The activities of Girl Scouting aren't known to *nearly* enough of the c'munity."

"And ain't that a tirrible thing," said Mr. O'Brien. "With thim doin' their Good Turns to it right along."

"Exactly," Bobo agreed earnestly. "Good luck to ye," cried Officer O'Brien, "and for hiven's sake, put that thing in yer pocket chrossin' the sh'treet!"

Even Bobo suddenly became aware that her faithful follower made too much racket as she tiptoed into the dim and silent precincts of the public library. What was quite unnoticeable among the conflicting outdoor sounds became a noise as of a load of kindling wood falling downstairs when introduced into this hushed and studious atmosphere. Bobo hastily snatched up her mark and stood holding it like a newly caught fish on a line as Miss Saunders, the librarian, hurried up to her.

"Why, Bobo!" said this lady, much more
(Continued on page 55)

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A father took his little daughter to a zoo and when they reached the lion's cage he explained how fierce and strong lions are and how they might attack and devour human beings. The child was obviously impressed and stared thoughtfully at the lions for several minutes.

Then she said, "Daddy, if the lions get out of the cage and eat you up, what bus would I have to take to get home?"—*Sent by MARLENE CLIFFORD, Byron, California.*

Playing Safe

PAGE: Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci! Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci!

MR. NEIDSPONDIAVANTI: What initial, please?—*Sent by BARBARA VAN HANDEL, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.*

Missing

MOTHER: I sent my son to your store to buy three pounds of cookies, but on weighing them, I find I have only two pounds.

STOREKEEPER: My scales are correct. You'd better weigh your son.—*Sent by JANICE GOLDSTEIN, New London, Connecticut.*

Meow!

JANE: She has traveled quite extensively, hasn't she? It must have broadened her mind.

PEGGY: No, merely lengthened her conversation!—*Sent by ALICE LANGER, New York, New York.*

Know Your Money!

Two small boys were talking:
FIRST BOY: Say, I found a half dollar on the street.

SECOND BOY: It's mine—it has my name on it!

FIRST BOY: What's your name?

SECOND BOY: E. Pluribus Unum.

FIRST BOY: Okay. It's yours.—*Sent by DOLORES NASSOUR, Newark, New Jersey.*

Back to Nature

SCOUT LEADER: If you were out in the country, away from all types of refrigeration, what would you do to keep milk fresh?

GIRL SCOUT: I'd leave it in the cow.—*Sent by ELAINE MONHART, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Who Wins?

FIRST CAMPER: I do all the cooking and baking for you girls, and what do I get? Nothing!

SECOND CAMPER: You're lucky. We get indigestion.—*Sent by JOANNE STRINGER, Tarantum, Pennsylvania.*

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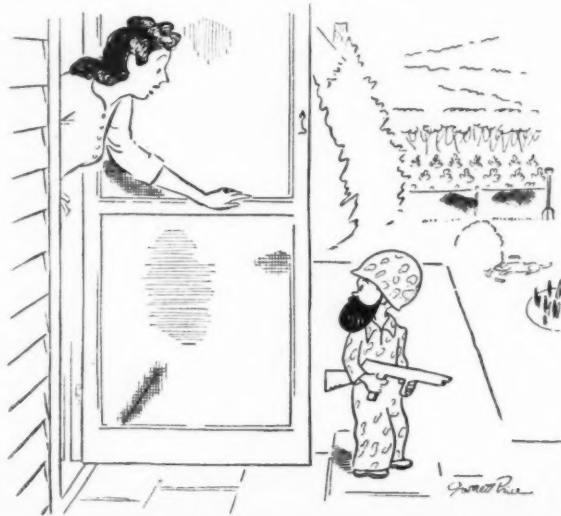
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"Don't you think you'd better come in and get shaved for dinner, Lewellen?"

Bobo Toes the Mark

(Continued from page 53)

severely than was her wont. "What in the world? I thought it was some little street boy with a rattling stick."

"I'm terribly sorry," Bobo said in a loud and apologetic stage whisper. "I tried to stop it right away."

Miss Saunders's eyes traveled downward to where Bobo's little block with its bold X mark dangled dejectedly, and her eyebrows looked like two interrogation points. Bobo explained, in a hurried undertone that presently grew louder than she meant, and several readers looked up, first in annoyance, then with growing smiles. Miss Saunders sat down suddenly behind the delivery desk.

"Oh, Bobo!" she cried. "My dear child, don't you know that 'toeing the mark'— She stopped abruptly and fiddled with the pencils and rubber stamps on the desk.

"Yes?" Bobo asked uneasily.

Miss Saunders cleared her throat. "You evidently *do* know that 'towing the mark' is a wonderful way to remember things," she went on hastily. "And if I can possibly get away, I'll come with great pleasure."

"May I come, too?" asked an elderly gentleman who looked like a professor.

"Of course," Bobo cried with pleased surprise. "We'd like you *all* to come."

The readers looked much less annoyed at being interrupted than they had at first, and Bobo took her book and departed, thinking about how many agreeable people there were in the world.

Those diminishing days did rush by very fast. School took up a lot of time and gave little opportunity for Bobo's mission. Ends of afternoons went by in no time, and Bobo, trying to add up her score, could not be at all certain of how many people were definitely to be depended upon for the rally audience. She tried to count as she bounced her ball along the shaded length of stately Appleton Avenue.

"Bristle—one, Gammish—two; lady, lady, lady. O'Brien—six, Saunders—seven; reader, reader. Laundress—eleven, dentist—twelve; lady, man, lady." (These last had been in the dentist's office.)

AND then there was the minister, and all those people coming out of church who had happened to hear her explaining about her mark, which she had at least been discreet enough not to drag up the aisle. Bounce, bounce, went the ball. Triumphant, as it enumerated Judge Newcomb, who had been an unexpected, prize catch, it flew so high into the air that it went over a tall, well-clipped hedge which ran for a whole block along Appleton Avenue.

Bobo came out of her tranced counting and surveyed the situation. This was not the sort of hedge that has gaps in it, but through a low space under its roots, Bobo wriggled her prostrate self and gazed about at the ground level for her ball.

What she saw was a great number of smartly shod feet, and rising apologetically to her knees, she found herself near a large group of very grandly dressed ladies who apparently had been inspecting the flowers, of which there was a fine showing in the magnificent autumn garden that stretched on

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every side. Now they were all inspecting Bobo, who felt suddenly like a very small earwig, or some other insect pest discovered in this well-kept estate. She hazily recognized the tallest, grandest, and most menacing of the ladies as Mrs. Vandergriff, who was a very important person indeed, and who was at the moment entertaining the final meeting of the Garden Club among her prize chrysanthemums.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" demanded Mrs. Vandergriff. "Don't you know that you must never push through hedges into private grounds?"

"I do know," Bobo answered hastily. "I'm so awfully sorry. I didn't push the hedge, it's bad for them—I know that, too. I crawled very flat. My ball bounced over your hedge—but I don't see it."

Mrs. Vandergriff looked as though she didn't approve of bouncing balls.

"You may search very quickly for your ball, and then go out by the gate," she said reluctantly, and added at once, "Stop, stop! What is it you have there? That string is tangling about my superb Mrs. Pierre DuPont."

Bobo, panic-stricken, thought her mark must have wound itself about the ankles of one of the guests, but Mrs. Vandergriff was disentangling it with shaking fingers from the stem of a large bronze chrysanthemum.

"It seems to me," she went on with increasing coldness, "that you are a rather big little girl to drag such a crude plaything after you."

Bobo's mark was indeed, by now, a most battered and worn little object. As Mrs. Vandergriff held it out between finger and thumb it presented an insignificant, if not positively abject, appearance. Bobo retrieved it hastily, and braced herself for the inevitable explanation. She looked all about the sunlit garden and at the chilly faces of the assembled guests, and gulping slightly, she said, "It's—it's my Mark. I hope it didn't hurt your beautiful Mrs. Chrysanthemum. I have to have it for just one day more. It's trivially important to me. If I didn't have it now, I probably never would dream of asking you all if you won't please come to the Girl Scout rally on the 29th."

The Garden Club looked as if it would never dream of coming.

"It's going to be a very good rally," Bobo hastened on. "The Girl Scouts are Very Useful to the c'munity, and they're going to show how they help at the hospital and the liberry, and the tons of salvage, and the Active Cit'zenship, and all the other things."

"What has this dirty little stick to do with Girl Scouting, may I ask?" Mrs. Vandergriff pursued relentlessly.

"Nothing at all—only with me," Bobo said. "It's just my Mark and I'm towing it." She explained why.

THE ladies of the Garden Club drew nearer, exchanging with one another looks that were anything but chilly. Mrs. Vandergriff's expression was the most curious of all.

"Dear me," she said at last, "I don't believe any one ever toed a mark in just that way before. It seems to me a very good idea. I can think of any number of people to whom such a device would be most helpful. We are just about to have tea on the south terrace. Should you like a piece of



DANDY, A YELLOW CAT

by LEONA AMES HILL

*Let every little brown velvet hare
Hide in the grass, as still as stone.
Let all the satin mice beware:
Here comes the cat who walks alone.*

*Here comes the cat whose eyes
burn green,
Mysterious with emerald fires.
Lithe as a dancer and as lean
He goes about his own desires.*

*He names among his tiger kin
The mighty lion. His pride is borne
Aloof. His tawny, thick-furred skin
Is sleek as silk. He walks in scorn;*

*And after blandishing our cook
For cream and cheese and bits of meat
He slips, without a backward look,
Into the dark on daggered feet.*

cake? Perhaps you will tell us something more about what you particularly enjoy in Girl Scouting."

Bobo enjoyed the whole of Girl Scouting to the fullest extent. Over cake and punch she covered practically all the Ten Fields—and ladies who had planned to discuss Mrs. Pierre DuPont chrysanthemums and Mount Everest asters, found themselves wondering whether they could find time to be on a Council or Troop Committee.

One of them spied Bobo's ball behind an andromeda bush, and she finally took her leave by way of the arched wrought-iron gate, her ball in one hand, a macaroon in the other, and a choice autumn rosebud in her buttonhole.

After such an unexpected triumph, it was indeed melancholy that Bobo should have chanced to encounter Jane Burke on the very morning of the rally. It was raining—a sad state of affairs for the great day—and Bobo was hurrying, so that her mark twirled and bumbled wetly behind her in an unusually active fashion.

"What have we here?" cried Jane, in tones that boded no good. "Really, Bobo, at your age—and in uniform, too—dragging a toy boat through the streets! Why, it's incredible!"

"It isn't a toy boat; it's my Mark," Bobo protested.

"Your what?" Jane demanded severely.

"My Mark. I'm towing it, like you said," Bobo told her. "Aren't you pleased?"

"I certainly am not pleased," said Jane. "And moreover, I don't know what on earth you're talking about. I never said anything of the sort."

Bobo explained, patiently. She was almost glad it was the last day. But instead of getting nice and co-operative, like everybody else, Jane clutched her head in apparent anguish.

"Oh, Bobo!" she groaned. "You—you little dunce. It isn't T-O-W, it's T-O-E. It's just an expression. It simply means to line up and keep ready to do your part. And you—you've been dragging that hideous little stick all over town? Telling people what you were doing? Asking strangers to come to the rally? Oh, it's too awful—making us all utterly ridiculous and undignified."

IT WAS indeed awful. Jane succeeded in sending Bobo home bathed in tears which were not dried by the hour of the rally itself. Mrs. Witherspoon, who couldn't make head or tail of her daughter's quavering explanation, at last induced her to wash her face and hurry to the auditorium.

"They won't come—not any of them," Bobo told herself. "They were just laughing at me all the time, instead of being nice when they smiled. And it's raining, so nobody else'll be there. And it's all t-terrible."

Bobo crept into the hall by the back way, and peered out at her fellow Red Roses from the wings. They were all too excited to notice her, as she had feared they might. Even Jane was busy over properties and said nothing further to her. Bobo wriggled to the edge of the proscenium and peeped into the hall. The moist but enthusiastic audience was so much larger than had ever before been seen at such an affair that it was quite obviously a record-breaker. Mothers, and some fathers, yes; but lots and lots of other people, too. Bobo's stupefied gaze wandered from Mrs. Vandergriff's aristocratic countenance in the front row, to the red face of Officer O'Brien, whose rubber cape dripped on the floor.

"They're all here!" exclaimed Bobo, counting. "And other ones, too! And Mr. Gamish did get off, ackshually, and—"

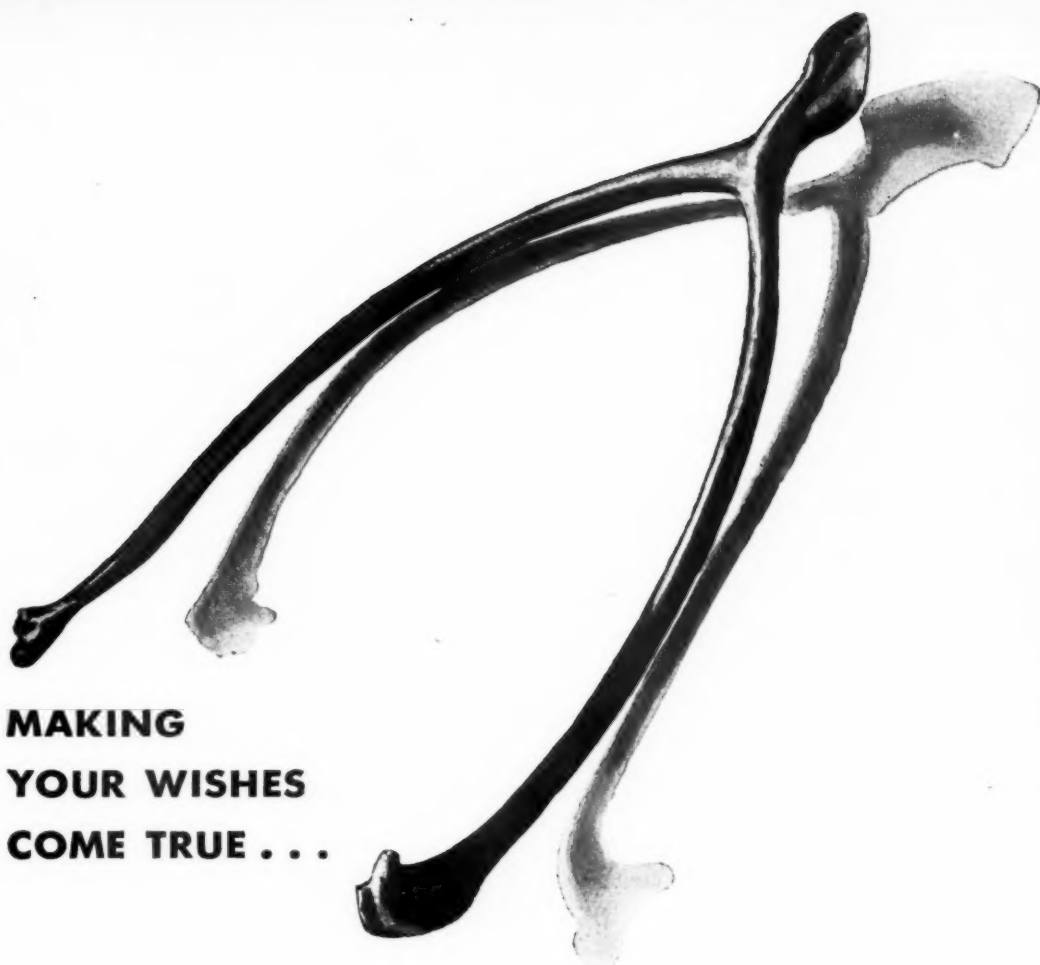
"Shh!" warned Miss Roberts. "The audience will hear you. What is it, Bobo?"

"Then—then perhaps it isn't quite as terribly awful as Jane said."

Miss Roberts propelled Bobo away from the wings. "What are you talking about?" she asked hastily. Bobo explained very fast.

"And there are ackshually thirty-seven people of my very own," she concluded.

Miss Roberts looked queerer and queerer. She opened her mouth—but whatever she was going to say, stuck. The call for curtain came at that instant, and Bobo went jubilantly on to the stage with Red Rose Troop, leaving her admired leader looking like a hungry goldfish her mouth feebly opening and shutting without words.



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The rally went off very well indeed. It could hardly help itself, in the face of so sympathetic an audience, which had braved a downpour to attend. After it was all over, and the various troops were congratulating themselves and one another backstage, Mrs. Parkinson, the Commissioner, stepped out to sum up their thanks. But, confronted by the unusual sight of representatives of the police and fire departments, the law, medicine, and the learned professions, as well as both capital and labor, she seemed slightly nervous and not a little puzzled. She said much less than was her custom, and backed off the stage, merely repeating her bewildered words of appreciation. She seemed to be somewhat overcome, and gratefully welcomed Mr. Bristle, who was ponderously ascending the steps of the platform. He quite often made a little speech nowadays at Girl Scout affairs, and he was always most impressive, with his handsome white mustache, his white waistcoat, and his eyeglasses on a long black ribbon.

"Friends of Girl Scouting," he said, "for I know that's what you are now, whether you were or not before, I believe that about half of us are here because of a little matter of spelling. One small letter can make a mighty big difference sometimes. Most of this fine audience—many of whom are for the first time coming in contact with the splendid work of Scouting in this town—are here because one Girl Scout exhorted her troop to *toe* the mark, and another *towed* her mark to such good purpose that it gave us visible proof of her own enthusiasm. I'd like to call upon that Girl Scout, who has certainly made her mark on this community. Bobo! Bobo Witherspoon!—come out here!"

Miss Roberts shook her head at Mr. Bristle, but he had already seized the green-clad form of his young friend and was pulling her out upon the stage. Bobo blinked at the applause, and said shakily,

"I'm very sorry about such a silly mistake. I guess prob'ly people thought I was crazy. But it *did* make them ask me—and then I remembered to ask *them*. And thank you VERY much for coming."

Then she bolted offstage, where Miss Roberts caught her and pretended to spank her. Something hard clapped against Bobo, and she withdrew it from her pocket. It was all that was left of her Mark—and if it had not been dirty, she would have kissed it.

THE END

Girl Scout Week

(Continued from page 30)

ship calls for more interracial and interfaith projects, more conservation of spiritual as well as physical resources. Reports of nearly a score of conferences show that Girl Scouts of many races and faiths are working out joint projects, not only in troops but in city-wide or state-wide meetings. And first on their list of topics is—jobs for women in a peacetime world.

The reconversion plan of the Girl Scouts of your town will be in the news this month. But the news is only a reminder that the Girl Scouts, in peace as in war, are on the job all the year round.

THE END

58 October, 1945

GERMAN HITLER STAMPS

Brought over by American soldiers in small quantities as souvenirs. These stamps are bound to be very scarce because all remainders have been burned by Allied Governments. The most unique items in any collection. We will send two values, mint, one regular size and one large size, both for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Please state whether approvals should consist of United States or foreign or both.

APPROVAL HEADQUARTERS

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"POLE TO POLE" PACKET!!

This unusual packet contains stamps from strange, mysterious countries only—scarce Greenland (North Pole), Solomon Islands, Spanish Morocco, Shopol, Patiala, Siberia, Graheland (New British colony at the South Pole), Djibouti, Zanzibar, and many others. Includes stamps cataloging up to 25c each, and positively no "common" countries. OUR PRICE ONLY 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS! If you want a real thrill—a packet absolutely "different"—send that nickel today!

METHUEN STAMP SERVICE, INC., Dept. 170, LAWRENCE, MASS.



"STAMP FINDER"!!

FREE!!—VALUABLE STAMP FINDER! Send today for big new edition, fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and the countries they come from. Also fine packet of fascinating stamps from Egypt, Newfoundland, Patiala, Cyprus, etc., including maps, ships, animals, strange scenes, etc. ALL FREE to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage! Illustrated bargain list included.

BARCELON STAMP COMPANY, Box 907, CALAIS, MAINE

DIAMOND AIRMAIL—33 OTHERS!
Costa Rica "Volcano" Diamond (shown), 52 U. S. stamps, 10c each, 5c each, Djibouti "Drummer Boy", Giant flag showing Russian Cossack going to War, Jap Admiral Togo, Laureate, Marquesa, Travancore, lot U. S. & Canadian—EVERYTHING only 5c with approvals.

D. I. WOOD, 1215 W. Russell Pl., San Antonio 1, Texas

FREE STAMP ALBUM

To approval applicants we will send 96-page Stamp Album for "ALL NATIONS" with 700 illustrations and Spaces for almost 3000 Stamps. Enclose two 3c stamps for mailing. STAMP PREMIUMS, INC., Flat-iron Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



FREE! Foreign coin, Banknote and loose illustrated coin list FREE to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 4 Indianhead cents, 10c Wooden nickel, 10c Chinese Dollar, 53c.

TATHAM COIN CO. 48 SPRINGFIELD, MASS

U.S. Airmail, Spec. Del., Envelope, Post. Due, Commem., Reg. issues etc., packet 25 diff. ONLY 5c WITH LOW-PRICED APPROVALS! Perf. gauge and Bargain Lists included. EARL C. PINKERTON, P.O. Box 933-A Phila., 5, Pa.

FREE Egypt "Pyramids" Airmail, Jungles and "Flying Fish" Triangle, Malay, Mozambique, "Rum Island", Ukraine, with Tiger, Giraffe, dead Jap Admiral, etc.—all FREE for 3c postage. Approvals. HOBBY STAMPS, DOWS, IOWA.

U.S. Flags printed in full colors on Panama & Ecuador, also Malaya, Szechwan, Rhodesia, Gwalior, Damascus, Elephant, etc. all 50 with approvals. DOBBES, 4108 Garrison, Balto. 15, Md.

FREE Solomon Islands "Guadalcanal", "Aquatic" Triangle, Senegal, Mukdon, Siberian, Czech, etc. all FREE with approvals for 3c postage. BENNETT, 1035 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach, Calif.

FREE!!! Western Hemisphere Packet. Postage 3c. OWENS, 602 Welsh Bldg., Bay City, Mich.



SMOKEY SAYS—

Care will prevent 9 out of 10 forest fires!

Famous Ford "Firsts"

SHIFTING ENTIRE FACTORY DEPARTMENTS TO THE COUNTRY FOR WORKERS' SECURITY AND EFFICIENCY.



Nankin Mills—one of the first Ford Village Industries

1st

to demonstrate true
decentralization



At waterpower sites in Michigan, along the Huron, Rouge and Raisin rivers, you see them—18 "Village Industries" established by Ford.

Here work nearly 5000 men and women who know the peace and security of having "one foot on the soil ... and one in industry". They live on their farms nearby. They earn good cash incomes from their shopwork.

Since 1921, these busy little industries have been examples of true decentralization. That means they are separated from the main plants, and distributed over the countryside. They do not do the same work as the main plants. Though small, they are complete, each doing its own job from start to finish.

These small industries are made possible by methods worked out in big city shops. They spread their benefits widely. They distribute wages ... end power waste ... assure finer workmanship on small but important things like gages, lamps and carburetors.

Mr. Ford visions the time when big companies will be made up of "a lot of little centers." And by proving that idea practical, with the "Village Industries," he has established another Ford "first."

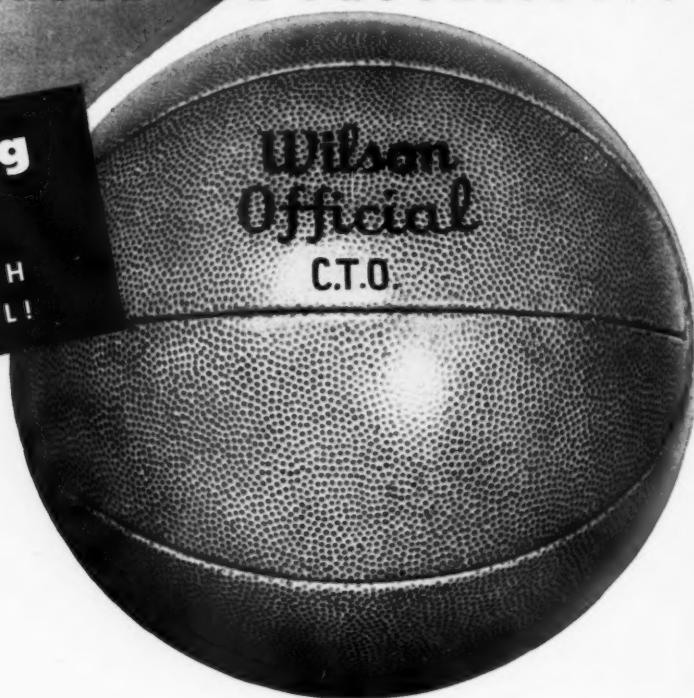
In the days ahead, when motorcars are again made at Ford, America will continue to profit by such forward-looking thinking and planning and doing.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

LOOK TO THE LEADER FOR PROGRESS . . .

**The winning
basket...**

IS EASIER WITH
A MODERN BALL!



Soon the basketball floors of the nation will be busy again. The cheers and thrills will stir not only America, but practically all of American-occupied Europe, as well.

It would be nice if you could all have brand new Wilson Basketballs this year. You'd find play much easier with one of these truly *modern* balls. But most of the sports equipment we make these days is still going to the boys in service—to those in our convalescent hospitals, rehabilitation areas, etc.

As our supply of men and materials increases, our supply of equipment for civilian use will increase. Before very long there will be plenty of new, modern Wilson basketballs for all. And there will be some mighty interesting improvements perfected by our Creative Staff during the past years. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson

BASKETBALL EQUIPMENT

★ ★ ★

MEMBER: *The Athletic Institute, a non-profit organization dedicated to the advancement of national physical fitness.*

★

Let's all boost the "War Memorials That Live" campaign to commemorate our war heroes.

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT!

